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THE FRESHET.

BY T. V. ELIAS.

Noon! and no fleecy cloud
Is drifting in the sky;
The breezes hardly whisper loud,
As they float idly by;
Silence broods upon the hills,
The changing forest fills,
And mingles with the flow of the soft-gliding rills.

Eve! and the arching skies,
In robes of glory drest,
Are gorgeous with the myriad dies
That stain the golden west;
Still the shifting purple gleams
Color the flowing streams;
The broad sea shines like fire beneath the sun's red beams.

But not a single star
Rises to gem the night;
The pale moon from her cloud-veiled car,
Sheds not a beam of light;
Sweeping swiftly to the shore,
The sullen surges roar;
And the dark shades of storm are gathering more and more!

The rising waters swell,
The rivers overflow,
The mountain streams, through field and fell,
In foaming torrents go;
And by the earliest ray,
That brings the golden day,
The sleeper's humble home the waters sweep away.

"Quick, quick, my boy, thy hand!"
The falls are yawning near;
But they will safely reach the land,
For the child knows not fear;
And the ever-living Power,
That bade the storm to lower,
Will shelter them and save at this most awful hour!

From Atkinson's Casket.

DOCTOR MAC BRIDE;

Or, the Fortunes of the Fair Adelaide.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

Ah, say not virtue's path is steep,
And all who enter there must weep;
For they alone can truly know
The joys that from affection flow
To them alone—the joy is given
To taste on earth the hopes of Heaven;
And know there is an arm to save
Beyond the confines of the grave.

There is no man, says Dr. Johnson, so vicious as not to possess some virtue, and none so virtuous as not to be stained by some vice. The following narrative will exemplify the above aphorism, and show how opposite principles and passions may sway the same heart alternately, and how evil propensities may follow the commission of noble and generous deeds.

It was at that epoch of American history, when the torch of civil war was about to be lighted in these colonies, when the ship Hampden was fitted out at Portsmouth, in England, to bear some officers and despatches to these shores. Among the passengers necessary to be known, was a Mr. St John Clare, his lady, a remarkable handsome woman, and their little daughter, Adelaide St. Clare, six or eight years of age. There was also a young lady among the cabin passengers habited as a nun, and said to be of the Franciscan order, who was moody and retired in her habits, and but seldom heard to speak. A young Scotsman was also among the number, whom they called Dr. Mac Bride, of an eccentric and original cast, who always believed if he got the last word in an argument that he was triumphant in the controversy, and never would give up the point he had once defended, though it were proven by mathematical demonstration to be wrong. His creed was to do unto others as they did unto him, though he did not act always up to that, and his favorite maxim was, that "a' men are honest till they are tempted frae the gude path." Dr. Mac Bride, though but little beyond the age of legal maturity, was a man of extensive learning and acquirements, and was possessed of talents of no ordinary order. He was master of the classics, conversed fluently on the philosophy of the ancient Greeks, and was versed in the literature of every age and country.

The ship was now ready to sail. Those who have never witnessed the parting of friends on such an occasion, know little of the feelings of mingled hope and fear, and of the anguish of separation. The sailors were silently shaking hands with their wives, while a big tear was slily wiped away. Many friends were crowding the ship's deck to bid, perhaps, an eternal farewell to those of the passengers whom they had long loved, and to whom they were bound by the ties of blood. Some embraced each other and wept in frantic grief, while others, with a fixed melancholy look, gazed long and sorrowfully in the faces of their friends, as though they were fearful that the ship would bear away from them the remembrance of their features. Some of the passengers were emigrants, who never expected to return, or tread again the shores which had so long been familiar to their youthful eyes, and which held the dust of their consecrated sires. To these parting was doubly painful, for if the ocean spared them, time would not, and their graves would be in a far foreign land, unseen and unwept over by the friends they were leaving. A thousand ideas crowded into their minds, they thought of the vast unbounded ocean where a single plank alone would separate them from their grave—they thought of storm and tempest, and the black billows, and of the far forest to which they were journeying—where the howl of the wolf and panther, and the yell of the still more savage Indian would, perhaps, break upon their ears, when midnight glittered with the burning cabin of the defenceless pilgrim. Such were the musings of those who stood on the deck, after the first burst of feeling had subsided. All on board were surrounded by their friends, save Mr. St. John Clare and his exquisitely beautiful wife and daughter. None came to bid them farewell, and their eyes alone were dry in the farewell scene.

The parting was over—the weeping friends had left the deck to gaze upon the receding ship as she bore from their embrace the beloved of their hearts, the breeze was curling the white waves, and bearing the lofty bark over the bosom of the unbounded ocean. As the ship gracefully moved off, each moment increasing her speed, every eye on board, save that of St. John, was turned tearfully towards the fast fading shores of their native land. As one object disappeared in the dim distance, the greedy eye was fixed upon another—and thus they stood till the shades of night shut out from their view, every trace of old England. All then retired to muse upon the past, and meditate upon the unbounded future before them, while memory busied herself in treasuring up every memento and memorial of affection. Every tongue was silent, save that of Dr. Mac Bride, who was ever moralizing on events, and fitting his aphorisms to circumstances. Ever and anon he applied to his mull with his forefinger and thumb, and after regaling his olfactory nerves plentifully, dealt the while in smiles and comparisons.

"Parting with old England," said he, "is like the soul when it takes leave o' the body, and wad fain look back on the receding things o' life tae which it maun part."

The passengers were not long in discovering that Mr. St. John was an unhappy man; and Dr. Mac Bride soon made the discovery which all concurred in, that Mrs. St. John Clare was extremely beautiful, and every way worthy to be beloved. Her husband spent most of his time upon deck, and seldom was seen in conversation with his wife. On the tenth night of the voyage, he was surprised sitting at her side in the ladies' cabin with her hand in his, and both weeping. He was heard to exclaim, with a manner and voice that indicated great wretchedness—

"Oh it had been far better had it never happened, for anguish and disappointment, doubt and despair, have alone been my attendants since that fatal hour."

"Say not so," returned the beautiful wife, "the fault has been mine as well as thine."

The conversation here ended; and no one knew the import of those ominous words which had been spoken. St. John walked the deck all night with folded arms, apparently lost to every thing around him. The amiable disposition of the little Adelaide, had won the heart of Dr. Mac Bride; and she spent much of her time upon his knee, listening to his moral precepts and stories of auld Scotia. She was a lovely child, inheriting the Grecian cast of features that distinguished her mother, and also the outlines of her exquisite form. The child became attached to Dr. Mac Bride; for we naturally love those that love us—and every day she walked the deck with him, or sat under the shadow of a sail, to mark the evening sun as he went down in an ocean of gold, or to listen to the Scottish songs which the Doctor sung to her in the witchery of his native tongue. At such moments the nun, who called herself sister Agnes, would linger near apparently to listen, gazing the while with a fixed and melancholy stare on the features of the child.

It was a fair bright morning in June, the ship had been at sea fourteen days. The sun was just rising like a shield of fire; the broad bosom of the waters was calm, and a soft south breeze only fanned the cheeks of those, who, after breakfast, were lounging about on the quarter-deck. The sailors were talking among themselves, and predicting stormy weather, from the great calm which had continued twenty-four hours. Dr. Mac Bride was just ascending the stairway of the cabin, in search of his little favorite, Adelaide, when the awful cry of "a child overboard," passed from one to another all over the ship. The little Scotsman sprang to the side of the ship, and saw his favorite, Adelaide, in eminent danger. Her clothes filled with air, bore her upon the surface of the waters; but the greatest danger was from a monstrous shark which was rapidly approaching its prey. A breathless horror held all on board inactive, save Dr. Mac Bride, who seized a small sword that lay on the poop of the vessel, and with one bound sprang overboard. The piteous cries of Adelaide brought her mother on deck, who, on seeing the awful situation of her child, swooned and fell in the arms of Captain De Lancey. Every eye was fixed on the huge monster of the deep as it rolled along towards the child, and expected every moment that his awful jaws would be extended to take in the fair form of the lovely child. But at the very moment that Dr. Mac Bride reached Adelaide, the shark turned upon its side to give the fatal wound, which he saw, and seized the opportunity as he drew her from the spot, to plunge the sword into its body. The shark left the wound and wheeled off, colouring the clear water with his blood. In the meantime, the horrified spectators made many ineffectual attempts to throw a rope, and at last succeeded, which Dr. Mac Bride immediately made fast round the body of Adelaide. Scarcely had he accomplished his object, ere the shark reappeared accompanied by another. The alarmed sailors drew upon the rope; and the wounded fish, as though shy of his antagonist, followed the child. Just as they were raising her from the water, the shark made a desperate plunge, with extended jaws, and every one on deck screamed with terror; for they expected the child would be bitten in two; but at that moment, the Scottish hero plunged his weapon to the hilt down the creature's throat, which gnashed its teeth and snapped the sword. It sunk immediately, and a shout rose from the ship; but it was of short duration, for they saw the second shark within a few feet of the almost exhausted hero. The child was drawn up, and restored to the frantic mother's arms; and the sailors were busily employed in launching one of the ship's boats. They would, however, evidently be too late, and the only alternative for the Doctor was to fight again or perish, and become the prey of one of the most voracious of all the demons that swim the deep. He *did* fight, for he drew from his pocket a long Spanish knife, which opened with a spring, thrust it into the side of the fish, then diving under it, plunged the knife to the hilt in the animal's abdomen. He, however, lost his hold, and the shark wheeled away with the knife still in the wound. The shark now appeared more desperate, and the daring hero evidently would have lost his life, had not the sailors launched the boat without further delay. A few minutes more would have sealed his doom, for he was defenceless and in a state of exhaustion. The boat reached him at the moment he was about to sink from his loss of blood, for in the contest he had cut an artery in his hand. He was taken on board, amid the congratulations of all the crew and passengers, save the solitary sister Agnes and Mr. St. John Clare. They alone were silent, while all the rest were rejoicing and praising the valour of the dauntless hero. A fever followed—and Dr. Mac Bride was confined for several days, attended by the fair little Adelaide, whose heart, though young, was grateful to the man who had rescued her from a horrible death.

When the generous Scotsman had recovered, he was anxious to know how the child came overboard, as it seemed to him impossible that she could have fallen over. The child had been so alarmed that she had forgotten everything, save that she was standing by the nun, sister Agnes, and it seemed as if some one pushed her over, or as if something fell against her. Many on board believed the nun to be partially deranged, for she had been seen frequently weeping and acting in a very strange manner. Some believed her guilty of pushing the child overboard, and imagined that she had committed some dread deed in the Convent, and had fled from the punishment that awaited her. To all their enquiries concerning her former history she was silent, and pertinaceously refused to answer whether she was guilty of the last named deed or not. Mystery still shrouded the heartless and hellish act.

On the last night of June, all had retired to rest, save the necessary watch on deck, and slumber was fast stealing over their senses, when the awful cry of "murder" proceeded from the birth in which Mr. St. John Clare was sleeping. Several rushed to the birth, and found him sitting upright, his eyes glaring with terror, and declaring that he had been seized by the throat by a delicate hand, and that he felt a weapon as he grasped his antagonist. Suspicion immediately fell upon the nun; but in repairing to the lady's cabin they found her fast asleep in a birth opposite to that in which Mrs. St. John Clare slept. As St. John was a singular and abstracted being, it was suggested that he had been dreaming—or that it was the effect of fancy or a morbid mind, though he firmly maintained that it was the truth and no fiction.

The excitement after some hours subsided, and all retired to rest, save St. John, who walked the deck all night. The next day many enquiries were made, but no information elicited, and the matter was treated as a fiction, and promptly laughed into contempt. The next night came—the circumstance was forgotten, and all retired to rest as usual, save Mr. St. John Clare, who resolved on spending the night on deck. About the middle watch of the night, the cry of female distress was heard, and a rush was made to the ladies' cabin, where the beautiful Mrs. St. John Clare was found weltering in her blood, having been stabbed with a dagger while asleep. The fatal instrument had been drawn from the wound, and [illegible] on the middle of which, were found in faint characters, the initials J. C. It was supposed at first, from her having been seen in tears the evening previous, that she had herself committed the rash deed; but it was finally agreed that the dagger belonged to Mr. St. John Clare, as the initials stood for no other name, save that of his wife, Josephine St. John Clare, and she solemnly declared that the hand which swayed the dagger was not her's. It was proven by the watch on deck, that her husband had been in the cabin but a short time before, and that his manner appeared wild and distressed. It was proven that the nun had not been in her birth that night, and that she ran with others into the cabin when the alarm was given. Mrs. St. John Clare testified that she could not see the person; but that the arm which struck the blow had on it either a shirt or a woman's dress sleeve—she could not distinguish which in the dark. It was found that St. John Clare was in his shirt sleeves, and that Sister Agnes wore no sleeves at all. As a further proof, it was found that St. John Clare's shirt sleeve had on it a stain like that of blood. All believed him guilty; and he was accordingly loaded with irons and secured.

Every heart melted with sorrow, as the passengers stood round and gazed on the beautiful sufferer who lay bleeding before them. Her luxuriant hair was scattered in curls over her ivory arms and her bosom white as snow, and her face was pale, the rose having fled from her cheek; but she did not appear alarmed at her awful situation. She calmly disposed her fascinating form and crossed her small white hands to die, as the spectators turned from the sufferer in tears.

"Oh what an unfortunate, what an unhappy woman I have been," she exclaimed, when all had left her but Dr. Mac Bride, whom she looked upon as her only friend—"but death will soon put a period to my wanderings and my woes, and free me from the anguish and regret which have so long preyed upon my heart. Little do the parents of my youth know the situation of their dying daughter. They are now, perhaps, revelling in their sumptuous and princely halls in England, while their poor forsaken and undone daughter pines on the border of the grave, far, far from her native land and the scenes of her happy childhood. Oh that I were now the gay and giddy girl I was when I wandered in my native groves and the park of Woodland Abbey, ere love had won my heart, and charmed me from the abode of peace. Ah sad has been my fate and that of my unfortunate sister."

Dr. Mac Bride turned his face from the highborn and beautiful sufferer and dropped a tear. She marked it with a look of gratitude, and taking his hand between both her's, continued—

"You have saved my darling child, and have thereby not only entitled yourself to my eternal gratitude, but to my confidence and esteem. I shall therefore confide to you the story of my misfortunes, which you see will soon terminate in your presence, here on the lonely ocean, far from the scene of their commencement, where I spent some of the happiest and some of the most miserable moments of my life. Sir Charles Bland, who still resides during a part of the year at his seat, called Woodland Abbey, in the neighborhood of London, is my father. He had two daughters, myself and Clara, on whom he lavished every accomplishment which wealth could command. We grew up to the age of fifteen, for we were twins and were remarkable for our gentleness of disposition and mildness of temper. My father determined on sending me as well as my sister to a famous school in London, conducted by a French lady, Mademoiselle d'Aranville. I had not been there long, ere I was introduced to a youth of nineteen, Sir Jean Clare, to whom I soon became attached, and who loved me with a devotion which death alone could have obliterated. A year of unalloyed happiness passed away, when Mademoiselle d'Aranville introduced two gentlemen, the one Mr. St. John Clare, a cousin to the former, and Mr. Henry Legendre. The latter addressed my sister Clara, and the former myself, aided by Mademoiselle d'Aranville, who gave them every opportunity to see us, and urged us to accept of their offers of marriage, descanting on the cruelties of parents and the pleasures of a romantic elopement. Vows of unutterable attachment had passed between Sir Jean Clare and myself, yet in an evil moment, and while he was absent from London, I and my sister were prevailed upon to accept the proposals of two men who were represented to be rich and accomplished. My father's estate was not large, and we determined upon the measure, as it would bring immense supposed wealth into the family. It was on a beautiful moonlight evening, in summer, that we started from London to Bath, where the ceremony was to be performed. When we arrived everything appeared to be in readiness, and in a few minutes the rites were over, which wedded us both to misery. Never shall I forget the hour when our horses drew up at Woodland Abbey. The gates of our paternal home were closed against us, and a servant, the nurse of our infancy, informed us with tears in her eyes, that we were disinherited and forever disowned; and that we could cross the threshold no more. Oh, I would have given a thousand worlds to have fallen at the feet of my mother and begged her forgiveness. We turned away with tears from the home of childhood, now closed forever against us. We were soon informed that our elopement had created great sensation in London; and that Sir Jean Clare was so incensed that he had determined to take our lives at first sight. In mortification we turned to the North of England, and there settled down in poverty, for our dreams of wealth had vanished. Legendre and my husband followed the business of smugglers, trading with Holland and France—and here two or three years of wretched suspense ensued, every moment dreading a discovery. But there was a discovery to be made infinitely more agonizing. Legendre in his trip to France, had paid his addresses to a young girl in Calais, possessed of considerable fortune; and the story now came to my sister's ears, that her marriage with Legendre was but a hoax, and that the priest who performed the ceremony was made for the occasion, and consequently that the marriage was null and void. The conviction flashed upon my brain that I too had been the dupe of a designing man, and frenzy seized me. I flew to my husband and implored him to tell me all, but he refused, till worn out with importunity he confessed that we had both been deceived, and that neither marriage was binding. Oh, God! who can conceive the anguish of that hour? Legendre was preparing to leave Clara, on his travel to London, and thence to Calais, where he was immediately to marry Mademoiselle Antoinette Le Bondoire. Despair sat upon the brow of my sister, and distraction gleamed from her eyes; for she had been passionately attached to Legendre. The timid, the gentle and confiding Clara was instantly transformed into a heroine. She knew the road Legendre would take, and leaving town, she secreted herself among the foliage and shrubbery which skirted the bank of a mill-dam. She had been there but an hour, when she saw him approaching in single carriage, alone. At the moment the horse came opposite to the spot on which she lay concealed, she sprang forward, levelled a pistol, and without saying a word, fired. The ball penetrated the victim's breast; the horse reared and plunged, and wheeled the carriage off the dam, and threw Legendre into deep water, where the spark of life that remained to him was extinguished. Calmly she returned to her own home, locked herself in her room, and put an end to her own existence with a second pistol. In looking over the papers of the deceased, the authorities discovered that he had been a smuggler of contraband goods; and my husband fearing a like discovery concerning himself, fled to London, taking me and this child with him. Scarcely had we arrived in London, ere we heard that the Baronet, Sir Jean Clare, was in pursuit of us, and my husband supposing that he had heard of his character as a smuggler, immediately took passage on board this ship bound for the shores of America. The remaining melancholy part of my history you have witnessed, and you will agree that I am the child of misfortune."

Dr. Mac Bride gazed on the pale features of the dying beauty, and wept when she pressed her child and addressed it in the language of a mother's undying affection.

"The winds are high to-night," said the sufferer, "and the ocean madly lashes the tossing ship. I shall die amid storms and tempests, and never again shall my feet press the shores of England or the threshold of that home from which, like Eve, I have been forever driven." Here she wept for some time.

"And my child, my poor child," she at length continued, "what hand will lead her to the pleasant ways of virtue, and shield her from the misfortunes which have brought her mother to the grave in the morning of her youth. Oh take and cherish——"

A gush of blood came from the wound—the words died upon her lips—her impulse fluttered—her cheek assumed an ashy paleness, and the unhappy mother was no more. Many a stern eye shed a tear over the beautiful form of her who had thus pined and thus had perished. She had indeed died amid storm and darkness, and every moment the wind increased, coming in fitful blasts and sudden gusts, while the surges of the sounding ocean beat with fury against the ship. The moon was hid in a dense mass of black cloud, and there was only light enough to discern the boiling billows of the ocean, and the dreadful dangers to which they were exposed. The sailors were busily engaged in reefing the sails, and alarm was visibly depicted on the countenances of those who were familiar with the dangers of the sea. Every hour the storm increased, and sent the ship onward with a velocity like that of a bird. Day dawned upon the dark and dreadful bosom of the deep—the storm alternately subsided, and then became more furious than before, and thus the day passed, and night again set in with a repetition of the horrors that had distinguished the preceding.

None but those who have witnessed a storm at sea, can have any conception of the awful sublimity, of the terrific grandeur which it presents; the waves, white with foam, running and roaring like lions over the great desert of the deep, and the ship dancing like a feather between two mighty walls of water (for such the billows appear) which threaten every moment to roll over her and bury her forever in the dark abyss. A plank alone divides the ship's inhabitants from a watery grave, and [illegible] in the darkness of night on the wide waste of the waters, with a broken spar alone to bear you upon its bosom.

About midnight the storm had reached its utmost fury, and the captain found the ship in the neighborhood of rocky shoals. It was a quarter past twelve when the ship struck with a force that seemed to start every timber, and she appeared to leap entirely out of the boiling sea, having been driven against the rock with such great velocity. Immediately she shot into ten fathoms water, and was found to leak like a riddle. The cry of terror ran over the ship, and consternation palsied every arm. With a voice of awful import, the captain informed the passengers that the ship would soon sink, and ordered the gig and long-boat to be launched as soon as possible. Poor little Adelaide was in the cabin calling upon the name of her dead mother, when the first boat was got over the side of the ship. Confusion reigned, and the boat would have been sunk by the number of persons who attempted to spring into it, had not Dr. Mac Bride seized a cutlass, and by order of the captain prevented them from getting in. Several fell into the foaming sea, and plead with nature's eloquence to be taken up, but the boat receded from them. The long-boat filled with the crew, had gone off in another direction, and still there were some left to perish on the wreck. Ah, who can conceive their feelings as they wildly stretch their arms, and in vain implore protection. Dr. Mac Bride in the hurry and confusion of getting the boat off, had entirely forgotten his pretty little favorite, Adelaide, and turning his eyes towards the vessel, he beheld her standing at the side of the ship, stretching out her beautiful arms towards him, and addressing him in the most heart touching terms.

"Will you not save your poor little Adelaide again?" she cried. "Will you not take her with you?"

The company declared the boat should not return to the ship, and Dr. Mac Bride hesitated.

"You *will* save poor little Adelaide, for she has no one to protect her now."

"Yes I *will* save you," said the enthusiastic Mac Bride, as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"He that dares to turn the boat," roared out one, "shall be thrown overboard."

"I will save her," cried the fearless Scotsman, "or perish in the attempt. Let any man dare to resist me and the next moment this cutlass shall free the world of a villain, whose heart is so dead to feeling, as to see innocence ready to perish without extending the hand of relief."

There is nothing in the hour of danger like a brave and determined spirit, and in this instance, it proved the rescue of an innocent and lovely child, who still stood upon the side of the ship, pleading with those who would have fain left her to perish in the morning of her youth and beauty.

"Save poor little Adelaide—will you save poor Adelaide?" she often repeated in a sad voice.

Dr. Mac Bride ordered the boat to be turned towards the ship, and threatened death to him who resisted or disobeyed the order. The boat was instantly turned, and Adelaide stretched her little hands and shouted with joy, as her deliverer came the second time to her rescue. In a few minutes the boat was riding almost over the deck of the sinking ship. The child was placed in the only space left in the boat, and ere she could be pushed off, the Nun, Sister Agnes, came rushing forward to get in the boat. It required all the strength of Dr. Mac Bride to prevent her.

"You canna get in," said the Scot, "the boat wad sink, and we should a' gang to the bottom."

"I *will* get in or die in the attempt," returned Sister Agnes sternly.

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when the ship went down, and left them floating on the still stormy billows. The whirlpool occasioned by the sinking ship, carried the Nun out of the reach of the boat, while fortune favored the Scotsman, by throwing in his way a spar, by which he was enabled to get into the boat. A cry of distress was heard on the waste of waters; but no relief could be rendered, for the weight of another person would have sunk the boat.

The tedious hours of night gradually passed away, and morning broke brightly on the bosom of the hitherto dark and stormy ocean. Not a vestige, save a floating spar, and a few fragments remained of that lofty ship which lately rode triumphantly over the billows; and not a human form was seen, save out in the distance. A few biscuit and a piece of bacon were all the provisions which they in the hurry to save themselves, had rescued from the ship. The second and the third day passed, and still no white sail appeared to view. Without provisions and burning with thirst and fever, all gave themselves up to despair, save Dr. Mac Bride, and envied the fate of those who had perished on the wreck. On the fifth day two of the men became deranged, and raved wildly. One of them sprang overboard and was drowned, while the other pined till the seventh day and expired. Adelaide lay sick in the arms of Dr. Mac Bride, who screened her from the sun by means of a silk handkerchief, and fed her by night with the crumbs of a biscuit which he had secreted for her. On the ninth day several of the crew died—and on the tenth Dr. Mac Bride and Adelaide alone remained in the boat. In throwing the men overboard, he discovered a bundle under one of the seats, which on opening, he found to contain bread, meat and a small bottle of wine. The bundle had been thrown on board in the confusion and forgotten. The grateful Scotsman bowed down on his knees, and offered up thanks to that Being who had thus unexpectedly placed in their way, the means of lengthening out life a few days longer. In small morsels he at first fed the fainting child, and gave her a few drops of wine. She revived, and once more looked up into his face with gratitude. The twelfth day dawned, and as he gazed over the boundless space, his eye rested on a white speck on the verge of the horizon, and hope revived in his bosom; but the next moment it had disappeared, and left him to despair. An hour after he cast his eyes in the same direction and plainly saw a sail, which every moment came more into view. His heart leaped with joy; and he took the white handkerchief from the neck of Adelaide, and hoisted it on the end of an oar. In the course of an hour or two, the solitary boat was observed by those on board, and a boat was hoisted out, manned and sent to their rescue. They were carried on board the British brig Amphion, bound to New York, by the officers of which, they were treated with the greatest kindness. The story of their sufferings, and the history of the charming Adelaide, brought tears into the eyes of many who gathered round to gaze upon her, and to pity her misfortunes. There is nothing in the world which enlists our sympathies like female suffering—nothing which melts the heart like the sorrows of a beautiful woman.

After the usual delays of head winds and calms, the brig arrived at New York, and the heroic youth, Dr. Mac Bride, awoke to a sense of his singular situation. He was about to set his foot upon the shore of a foreign land, where all were strangers to him, with but little in his purse to supply his own wants, while his sympathies and manly feelings demanded of him protection and support for Adelaide, the orphan, whose mother had found a grave in the dark bosom of the deep. He descended to the cabin, and found her weeping in the loneliness of grief.

"What means those tears my pretty Adelaide?" asked the generous Scot, taking her by the hand.

"I weep," returned the forlorn child, "because I am in the world alone, with none to protect me."

"Weep no more my gentle child, for I will protect you. Arise and we will go forth into the strange city, and while strength and life remains to me you shall not suffer. I will be a brother to you—and God, no doubt, will prosper the hand that labors for innocence and virtue."

She wiped away her tears as he led her upon deck, and they departed together. In a respectable boarding house he placed his charge and went in pursuit of Mr. L———, to whom he had a letter of introduction. In Mr. L——— he found a friend, who informed him that he was engaged extensively as a shipping merchant, and concluded by offering him a clerkship worth a thousand dollars a year. He immediately accepted the offer, and entered next day upon the duties of his station. Every day he became more attached to the little being who had several times been indebted to him for life; and he now determined to give her the advantages of an education, which a saving course of life would enable him to do. Mrs. Lemoine, the lady with whom Adelaide boarded, recommended him to a boarding school kept by her sister, in a town up the Hudson river. One year after their arrival in New York, Dr. Mac Bride set out with her to the boarding school, and found considerable difficulty in tearing himself from her, so completely had he become bound up in her existence. Adelaide, the grateful Adelaide wept; but the buoyancy of youth of course would soon bear her above sorrow, as her great beauty soon became the admiration of all; and her gentle manners won for her the esteem of the whole school.

Year after year passed away, and on a certain day every year, Dr. Mac Bride paid her a visit. Every year he found her growing in loveliness and beauty as she grew in years. She had been at school three years, when Dr. Mac Bride finding his income too small for his expenditure, determined on settling himself in the practice of his profession. The death of a physician in Broadway, with whom he had been intimate, opened the way to success, and by attention and a polite address, he soon found himself possessed of his friend's practice. The unremitted attention which his increasing practice required, prevented him from paying his usual visits to Adelaide, though he wrote frequently and received answers which were highly flattering, the penmanship and composition being evidence of her high degree of improvement. Four years passed, during which time he had not seen her. She had acquired all the solid branches of female education and the accomplishments considered most elegant. Dr. Mac Bride now determined to steal time from the arduous duties of his profession, to repair to the boarding school of Mrs. Mervin, and return with his charge to New York. He accordingly took passage on board a packet, and arrived in the afternoon of the next day at the school of Mrs. Mervin. He entered the parlor and called for the little Adelaide, for he did not once think of her but as the little girl whom he had last seen some years before. Every moment he expected to see the gay little Adelaide bounding [illegible] but what was his astonishment when the door opened, and a tall, graceful figure entered, bowing and blushing in all the witchery of beauty, so like her murdered mother, that the scene of the shipwreck immediately arose to memory. She advanced, placed her small white hand in his, which trembled with emotion, and seated herself beside him. For a few minutes neither spoke—the tide of memory rolled back upon their hearts, and when he looked up, tears were trembling in the dark eyes of Adelaide. Pleasurable indeed were the sensations of the generous Mac Bride, when he gazed upon her extraordinary beauty and elegance, and thought that he had been to her a father and a brother. A beautiful woman is the only thing in nature that we never tire in gazing at; and Dr. Mac Bride found it to be so, for he could not divert his eyes a moment from the form and features which had become proverbial in the village for their exquisite loveliness.

In conversation with Mrs. Mervin, Dr. Mac Bride learned that Adelaide had been addressed some time by a man, who, she supposed to be an Englishman by birth, and that she had put her upon her guard in respect to him. She concluded by speaking in the highest terms of Adelaide's conduct and acquirements during her stay at the school, and wishing her every happiness that so gentle and so generous a disposition deserved. Here they parted, and Dr. Mac Bride returned to New York with the beautiful girl, who was indebted to his bravery for life, and to his generosity and liberality for all those accomplishments which rendered her the charm of society. Of her accomplishments, it is only necessary to say that she played with exquisite taste on the piano—drew and painted with considerable skill—and was withal a poetess of no mean pretensions, considering her youth.

She had not been long at the residence of Dr. Mac Bride in New York, when a knocking was heard one evening at the door. She opened it, and to her surprise and perhaps delight, Henry Marland, the gentleman who had addressed her while at school, stood before her. He spent the evening in her presence, and was introduced to her brother, as she still called Dr. Mac Bride. Day after day he called upon her, and every day attended her to some place of amusement or party. Every day Dr. Mac Bride liked him less and less; and he would have spoken of it to Adelaide, had he not feared that it sprang from jealousy, for he had had very singular feelings ever since he went after, and saw Adelaide in the school room. Dr. Mac Bride was now thirty years of age; he had never been in love, but he now suspected that the little god was dealing with him; and he tolerated the addresses of Marland, for fear that his opposition might spring from the mean spirit of envy or jealousy. Dr. Mac Bride was a shrewd man, and he feared to disclose to Adelaide his sentiments towards her, because he knew that we seldom can love those to whom we owe reverence. He had often determined upon disclosing his feelings to her; and one afternoon, in the parlour, he thus addressed her—trembling with emotion—

"Adelaide, the relation which formerly existed between us, is about to cease and you should look"—

"Oh, then I am undone forever," exclaimed Adelaide, mistaking his meaning and bursting into a flood of tears.

"Nay, you do not understand me," continued Dr. Mac Bride, "I mean that the feelings which I once entertained towards you, are about to be changed, and I wish you to be candid"——

"Oh, say no more, I understand you," returned the lovely girl, again weeping.

The next moment Marland entered, and soon after Dr. Mac Bride arose and left the room. The character of Marland, was that of a confirmed Libertine. There was nothing sacred in female virtue to him. Like a serpent, he stole into the bosom of confiding innocence, and stung the heart that trusted him. He attacked the female character on the side which virtue had left unguarded, and with a seeming morality, he sought gradually to undermine the very principles that he counterfeited. He had been engaged some time in poisoning the pure fountain of Adelaide's heart, yet, like the habit of dissipation, so gradual was the approach of the evil, that she did not perceive it. One evening, when Dr. Mac Bride was gone from the city, he repaired to the house, and made known to Adelaide his hellish intentions.

"If you will accede to my wishes," said he, "I will marry you and"——

"That will never do while honor has a name—and further, sir," said the indignant girl, her eyes flashing fire, "If again you so far forget the dignity of a gentleman, and the courtesy"——

"Nay, speak not too fast, my lovely Adelaide," returned the wily Marland. "Would you save a father from an ignominious death—a father who you supposed was drowned in crossing the Atlantic; but who now lies chained in one of the dungeons of this city."

"Ha!—say—what? my father," exclaimed Adelaide, "yet alive, and in a dungeon?"

"Ay," returned Marland, "and it is in my power to save, or consign him to a disgraceful grave. The evidence which is against him, will convict, unless contradicted by that which I have in my possession. He was charged with the murder of your mother; but he was guiltless, and he is guiltless now."

"Oh, then, let me fly to his rescue, and save him from the ignominy that awaits him."

"Here is a letter from his own hand," said the wily and wicked Marland, handing her a sealed paper.

Adelaide seized it, tore it open with a trembling hand, and read as follows—

"My dear, long lost child—The father who gave you existence, and who perished, as you supposed, upon the wreck at sea, now lies pining in a dungeon, weighed down with chains. I am innocent—but false witnesses, and circumstantial evidence, I fear, will consign me to a disgraceful grave, and leave on you a stain, which, though undeserved, time cannot obliterate. There is but one price at which my life can be bought—are you prepared to give it?—it is your honor. My blood runs in your veins—you cannot, you will not desert me in the hour of despair.

Yours, &c. ST. JOHN CLARE.

Adelaide was distracted—she knew not what to do. Pure in heart, and unpractised in a knowledge of the villany of man, she judged all others by herself, and tested the truth of every protestation, by the truth with which she would have made it herself. It is a false judgment of the world—and is the reason why so many innocent hearts are deceived. The moment Marland was gone, Adelaide threw herself upon the sofa, and burst into a flood of tears, in which she indulged some time. Grief is always conducive to sleep—and she gradually sunk into slumber. Dr. Mac Bride soon after arrived, and entering the room softly, picked up the letter which Adelaide had dropped on the floor and forgotten. After reading it, he, for a moment, leaned back in his chair, and seemed lost in a reverie, as though some new thought had struck his mind. The next moment he arose, advanced to the sofa, where lay the slumbering beauty, and for some minutes stood gazing upon her with mingled feelings of affection and pity. Her exquisite form was reclining at full length, her beautiful head resting on one white delicate hand, while the other, rested upon a bosom whiter than wax. Her dark hazel eyes were closed, and her hair was scattered in ringlets over her Medicean neck, which Praxiteles might have taken for a model. But, most fascinating of all, was her angelic cast of countenance, innocent in expression as the sleeping face of infancy.

"Can any man," exclaimed Dr. Mac Bride, mentally, "be so lost to the charms of virtue and the loveliness of innocence, as to aim at the destruction of a creature at once so helpless and beautiful? The savage that roams the forest, would regard her with pity and admiration—and shall I tamely see a villain creep into her affections like a serpent, and sting her soul? No, by all that is sacred, the last drop of my heart's blood shall flow in her defence, while this arm shall strike for injured innocence. She shall not fall unavenged."

He stood a moment, then stamped upon the floor with violence and exclaimed—

"The God of the helpless and innocent, has again deputed to me the honor of saving her from destruction, and I will save her, or perish nobly in the attempt. Death to the villain that dares to betray her."

Adelaide awoke at the sound of his voice—and Marland entered the room at the same moment.

"Villain," cried the enraged Dr. Mac Bride, "it ill befits a gentleman, to deceive an innocent and lovely woman, and worthy of a demon to steal into the temple of virtue and rob it of its golden talisman."

"Not more ignoble than a jealous spirit," retorted Marland, with the downcast look of conscious guilt. "Take back those words, or your life shall pay the penalty of your insolence."

Dr. Mac Bride snatched a pistol from a desk, flew to the door, and opening it, said

"Begone, sir, and never let me see you cross this threshold again, or the doom you merit shall be yours."

Marland left the room, muttering vengeance. He considered himself a dead shot, and determined on challenging Mac Bride—"For," said he, "if he falls, the victim will be mine in all her charms." Accordingly, next morning, while Dr. Mac Bride was sitting at the breakfast table, reading to Adelaide the last newspaper, a man entered, and presented to him a folded paper. Adelaide turned pale with terror; but Dr. Mac Bride was a man unused to fear, and sent Marland word he would meet him at Hoboken, on "the dark and bloody ground," with pistols.

The next morning broke brightly and beautifully on the wild scenery of Hoboken. It was the morning on which they were to meet, and Adelaide was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She fell upon her knees, and in the eloquence of nature, besought him for her sake, and implored him for his own, not to meet him.

"Oh, what will become of me," she exclaimed, in heartbreaking anguish, "should you fall upon the bloody field? Oh, whither should I fly for safety—and who would pity the poor heart broken Adelaide?"

"Fear not, Adelaide," exclaimed the heroic Mac Bride, "there is a just God, who will ever uphold the just cause, and protect the innocent and the injured. There is a monitor within me which assures me of safety." [illegible] and with his seconds, passed over to Hoboken, on the Jersey shore, where he calmly waited the approach of Marland. In the course of an hour he arrived, and in a manner which proved that his courage was supported by pride, called on his adversary to retract the offensive words and ask pardon, or fall by his unerring arm.

"I shall disobey your orders," replied the brave Scot, cooly, "for twa reasons—in the first place, I wadna be a coward, and in the second place, I am na sic a ninny as to fear that I shall fa' by yer arm. I maun confess I am na fond o' sic pursuits and amusements; but still I wad run the risk, to free the world frae sic a villain. Gang on my frien, you'll get nae mair frae me."

The seconds now proceeded to make the necessary arrangements, and then called on Dr. Mac Bride to know what distance, and what weapon he would prefer, as it was his right to choose, according to the laws of honor, he having been challenged. He chose the small sword first, and then the pistol, and five paces, should the first be ineffectual. Marland demurred to this, and urged as an excuse, that he was altogether unacquainted with the use of the small sword. The generous Scotsman then agreed to the pistol, and the ground was measured off. The antagonists were placed opposite each other, the word was given, both fired and both fell. Marland, when the ball struck him, sprang two feet or more into the air, and exclaimed, as he fell to the ground, "I am a dead man?" The blood was pouring from an artery in the vicinity of the heart, he had but a few minutes to live, and desired to disclose something to Dr. Mac Bride. On being carried to him, he took him by the hand, and confessed that Heaven had made Dr. Mac Bride the punisher of all his crimes, that he forgave him, and wished him to call at a hotel, in New York—if he should recover and get his trunk, in which he would find a letter written the night before, giving a history of his life. After certain expences were paid, he bequeathed to him the contents of the trunk, in which, he would find a will, which he desired him to attend to. In a few minutes after he expired, and both were conveyed to New York.

When Adelaide saw them bearing home the bleeding body of her only friend, she screamed with terror and grief, and rushing forward, fainted, and fell in the arms of him who had so often saved her. For an hour or more, she lay in an insensible state; and in the meantime, the surgeons examined the wound of Dr. Mac Bride, and pronounced it not mortal, the ball having struck the ribs and glanced round the body. Joyful were the sensations of Adelaide, when she returned to consciousness, and was assured that no danger waited on the wound of her faithful friend and protector. A sick bed has often been the scene of love's triumphs; and every day, as the lovely girl sat by his side, and ministered like an angel to his wants, he felt the arrows of love sink deeper and deeper into his heart, till he worshipped her as the very image of virtue.

Two weeks passed away in this delicious state of being to him. No hand could smooth his pillow, or bathe his burning brow, like hers; and he almost wished that he could always suffer for her sake, to be thus soothed, and thus attended. "She loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity them." As soon as he had recovered sufficiently he sent for the trunk of Marland, and opened it in the presence of Adelaide. The first paper his hand was placed upon, was the letter he had written the night before the duel, giving a short history of his life. Dr. Mac Bride started with astonishment, when he read the name of Jean Clare, the once proud rival in the affections of Mrs. St. Clare, the unfortunate mother of Adelaide.

"I was sincerely and devotedly attached," continued the letter, "to the beautiful Ellen. My heart was pure—I knew not the hollow heartedness of the world—and I loved, for the first time, without the shadow of a suspicion, that there were in the human heart, such qualities as duplicity and treachery. In an evil hour, it was reserved for my kinsman, St. John Clare, to plunder me of the affections of her, without whom, the world was a wilderness, and life a blank. I had embarked all my hopes of happiness in that ill-fated passion, and in an unexpected hour, was doomed to see my bark of bliss wrecked on the rock of despair. I cared not then for the future—the world was no longer a paradise to me, for the divinity was gone. The desire of vengeance seized my soul, and I hunted them as a tiger hunts his prey. They took passage on board the ship Hampden, and, disguised as a Nun, (for I was extremely delicate,) I went with them, in the hope of wringing *their* souls with anguish as they wrung mine. The desire of revenge made me an altered being, and an evil spirit tempted me to throw the child overboard. But Heaven resolved it should not perish, and your arm saved her. I then grappled in the gloom of night, with St. John Clare, the man who had injured me; but his powerful arm set me at defiance, and I determined that he should not possess her who should have been mine. The initials on the dagger with which I destroyed her, were those of his name, and convicted him. I saw him when the boats were leaving the ship—his eye caught mine, and he implored me to strike from his limbs, the chains which would sink him in the ocean. Almost my heart relented, when I thought that he was innocent of the crime of murder, but the memory of my wrongs came over my soul, and the spirit of revenge obliterated from my heart, every trace of mercy. I heard his last scream, as the ship went down, and felt that I was a demon. After suffering the excruciating torments of hunger and thirst, I arrived in a ship at Boston, where I remained some time, and then visited New York. Pleased with the scenery of the Hudson, the wildness of which, harmonized with my own soul, I passed from town to town on its borders, and, by accident, became acquainted with Mrs. Mervin, by whom, I was introduced to Adelaide. A long course of crime, in which I had become a murderer and the destroyer of innocence, had blunted my sensibility, and blotted out every trace of sympathy and pity. I determined on making her the victim of my unhallowed passion; but Heaven arrested me, and made you the avenger of injured and insulted virtue. I was once the zealous disciple of the morality of Socrates and Seneca—what am I now?

"Should I fall, I desire to atone as much as possible in my last hours, for the villainous crimes which have stained the years of my youth. I desire that an orphan asylum should be founded out of my estate, in England; and, that after all claims are paid, the remainder shall be given to Adelaide."

Such was the narrative in part of a man who had once been known through London, as a philanthropist. How strange, that a heart blackened by the most heinous of all crimes, should bequeath funds for the erection of a charitable institution, and leave a fortune to her, whose life, and dearer still, whose virtue he had attempted. But such are the contrarieties of human nature.

Dr. Mac Bride plainly communicated to Adelaide his sentiments, and solicited her hand and heart, which he had saved from the blighting influence of a villain. Adelaide blushed awhile, and then bestowed them, frankly confessing, that she loved him as a brother, and could not but love him as a husband. They were soon after married, and the nuptials celebrated with great rejoicing, by all those who knew their history, so full of touching incident. Some weeks after, they set sail for England, and arrived in London, after a remarkably short passage. The will of the Count Jean Clare, was produced, and after some litigation and contention, settled, to the satisfaction of those in whose favor it was drawn. Ten thousand pounds sterling, was the portion of Adelaide, and the rich reward of Dr. Mac Bride's heroic devotion in the cause of innocence and virtue. It will ever be found, that reward attends on generous deeds.

After his remaining some weeks in London, and just upon the eve of embarking for the United States, Dr. Mac Bride was informed, that an uncle of his, had recently died in Edenborough, and bequeathed to him, the sum of six thousand pounds. They now set out on the tour of England, and after a pleasant journey, arrived safely in the metropolis of Scotland. Dr. Mac Bride, with the filial reverence for which he was distinguished, first sought out his parents, and found them reduced to poverty. But fortune had favored him, and after obtaining the legacy which had been left him by his relative, he set sail for the shores of America, attended by his aged parents. In New York he settled, and an interesting family of two sons and three daughters, grew up around him. He lived to see one of his sons a member of Congress, and the other, a distinguished officer in the navy.

Thus was the generous conduct of an adventurer, from Scotland, rewarded with fortune, happiness and the smiles of a beautiful wife and dutiful children. Thus ever will virtue be rewarded. It is as reasonable to believe that there is a special Providence ever watching over the conduct of the creation, as to believe that the creation was made by the same Power Divine. Oh, gentle reader, if thou art ballancing between virtue and vice, and listening to the Syren voice of pleasure, which charms but to betray, stop a moment and reflect, and be assured, that the path of virtue is the true path to peace. If thou art tempted to betray the innocent, and triumph over the ruin of virtue, remember that there is an avenging angel, that will send the arrow of remorse to the heart of the guilty.

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOK'S LETTERS.

THINGS IN SCOTLAND.—No. XVIII.

Loch Fine, (at the head) June 29, 1835.

At Loch Katrine, from whence we started this morning there is an excellent Inn for so lone a place, put up there on purpose to accommodate travellers whom curiosity attracts to see the scenery so accurately described by Scott, and which his Lady of the Lake has made so well known to the millions who speak the English language. The truth is, Scott has been, perhaps, the greatest benefactor Scotland has had these many days,—for to this wilderness of rocks and to these lone Lakes his magic pen draws thousands and thousands of tourists every year, who spend thousands of dollars all over the regions he has made so popular. Never was the power of the pen made more manifest—for the sword might have shed blood for years before it could have thus consecrated such a scene. I passed by, almost unheedingly, the [illegible] of Bannockburn—but while the Trosachs stand, or "the thunder [illegible]" of Ben An, or Loch Katrine [illegible] have hallowed the scene. Already with the people about there, the Poem has become History—and our Gaelic boatmen who rowed us across Loch Katrine pointed out the various localities with such an air, as to leave no doubt on our minds, that they believed all of it, as much as they believe in the existence of the rocks and islands, with which he has connected his fiction. The town was crowded with men and women, who like ourselves had come with the Lady of the Lake in their hands, to see in person the scenery, the description of which had so much charmed them in their closets. Here I must again exclaim,—how glorious this idea is, of a Poet himself erecting such monuments as these to his own memory, which will stand centuries after the walls of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's have crumbled into dust,—monuments whose base is broader than the pyramids—whose pillars reach to Heaven, and dwell in clouds—whose inscriptions are the wide spread works of the Poet himself, not for one lone aisle, or one city, but for all the nations, all climes, all Eternity! Such monuments as these Scott has in the Highlands—and the inscription every traveller brings here with him, as it is written in his works.

We left our Inn at Loch Katrine in the morning, and when we were amid the Trosachs, I felt as if I were in America, for here—here, for the first time I saw American scenery. My heart beat as it did, when I hung over the frightful chasm of the Kanhawa, or Gauley river in western Virginia, or as when I have trodden some of the wild solitudes of Maine, or the Provinces. Here was something such as it was "cracked up" to be. Well done! one might exclaim. A capital *performance* this! For what a lot of cliffs sprinkled about—tumbled together—hither and thither—with a wilderness of bushes creeping about, as snug as so anchored fast! you don't catch me describing what Walter Scott has touched. My poor companions were quite frantic, boiling over with "Roderick Dhus" and "Ladies of the Lake." Poor fellows! I thought of a mad house for them. Their very enthusiasm set me on another strain—and I was at last in the temper of the London Cockney who, when his guide told him to admire, exclaimed "Devilish clever! very well got up indeed!—as neat an article as I ever saw! beats Vauxhall *quite to sticks!*" The truth is, when an American sees the true sublime in scenery here, he is not at all to blame for running mad, if he don't bite; for so much is almost every thing of the kind exaggerated here, that one at last never expects to see any thing even grand. Of this exaggeration the English accuse us, and therefore laugh at us too—not so much that we exaggerate say they, in scenery, but that we exaggerate in writing—in talking too—in eloquence—in all whatsoever we have to speak or do. In short, to use their own language as when they mock us, that we are "great chaps for brag," "real critters," "Steamboats," "wild Horses," "sea sarpents," with "a touch of the alligator, and snapping turtle." I have just been talking with an Englishman who says we are "the most extraordinary (that phrase is an Englishman's ultima thule in words) people for e.s.t's, he ever saw. Every word in an American book, he says, ends in *e.s.t.* He loves their *freshness*, he adds—and the *sal oriolus* in them—but he is sure that the Americans would not print half so many books, if they did not end them in e.s.t. There is some truth in this, I am inclined to think myself—but a man in an argument must stand up for his country, right or wrong—and as I could not make so good a fight in defence as to attack, I opened a battery upon him. "You have no right (I fell upon him) to use the *e.s.t.*—you whose whole range of thoughts is only from Land's End to John O'Groat's House.* A big country has a right to big words. You call the Thames a *river!* Why, by one of our island cities (New Orleans) the distance of the navigable steamboat communication is about eighteen times the distance of New York from Liverpool! (He opened his eyes.) We have ten thousand Trossachs in America. See the fuss you make over one! Why, I begin to think now a days, that you have no original ideas here. We give you the *raw material*, as we do our cotton, and you work them up,—well too, I grant you—but you only work them up—put on the fringes and flounces. *Clever* too! you never get beyond that adjective. Here is a man for example, whose intellect moves the world, whose voice make you start—whose word is thunder—and to embody your idea of such a man, you call him—*clever!* Burke with you is only *clever!* Byron too is—*clever!* You never can get your enthusiasms up beyond that everlasting word, clever. What milk and water English! Give me my own superlatives, and keep your *clever!* There is nothing like turning one's own battery upon an enemy—but the Lord help my impudence. I think he must have taken me for "a real critter."

There is but a step between the sublime and ridiculous, as I have indeed shown in the course of this letter, not that there is anything ridiculous in the letter (I would not so have you think)—but in the odd train of thought into which association have dragged me. We hired a boat and two boatmen, that spoke English "considerable well," but Gaelic much better, to take us to the upper part of the Loch Katrine. We embarked at the little creek which the Loch forms—as Scott writes—

————Still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild ducks' brood to swim."

and anon, we were opposite the Goblin's Cave a vast hollow in the Mountain where the Urisks or Lowland Brownies were famed to dwell—once the resort of lawless banditti—now more famous as being the place where the Douglas concealed his daughter when he removed her from Roderick Dhu's island. "That's the place," said the boatman, with all the air of history, and he quoted the Poetry too—then screaming out "Rob Roy," and then "Roderick Dhu,"—and one loud, long, distinct sound answered each, as if the man of the mountain himself screamed "Roderick Dhu," so admirably did Echo act its part! In but a few minutes from this, we were landed on "Ellen's Isle," precisely the island which is described in the Poem as the residence of the outlawed Douglas and his family. I know not when I have been more delighted than when I found on that island the very cottage, so it seemed, which Scott has described—for thus the imagination has a resting place and the mind credits the whole story. Aye, a cottage, or rustic grotto, thatched all over, as near as can be to that in the Poem, has been erected by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby,—and in this there have been put ancient armor,—skins of wild animals—and elk horns,—a dirk, said to be that of Rob Roy's,—and Lochaber axe, &c. &c. The taste in the management of this rustic bower has been admirable,—and it demands all one's reason to forget the fiction, and not to believe that this cottage, with such rude [illegible] and such rude ornaments, was the very place [illegible] of the most delightful [illegible] I ever [illegible].

After this view of Helen's Island, and the Lake from thence, we embarked again, and came [illegible] the Lake. Not a puff of wind was stirring—and every mountain, hill and hillock, with all their shades of color, was reflected from the bosom of the quiet Lake. [illegible] the Highland [illegible] Gaelic [illegible] his Cathedral was the long drawn glen, and the vaulted sky. [illegible]

After a few miles' walk, we came upon the shores of Loch Lomond, [illegible] the Cave of Rob Roy. I did not go to see it. We hired another boatman [illegible] down the Loch to a place called Tarbet [illegible]. The lofty Ben Lomond was on our front; [illegible] was the view of the Lake. [illegible] were at Arroquhar. [illegible] Loch Long, an arm of the sea [illegible] were at the entrance of Glencroe. [illegible] entered on foot this lovely vale. [illegible] Yet the road was excellent [illegible] tion of—"Rest and be thankful,"—and never did I [illegible] rest more, or feel more thankful; [illegible] Scotland, the sun had been blazing hot, and we felt all the oppression of a summer's day. "Glencroe," however, [illegible] is not Glencoe where "the wild deer of Cona," whose fame is sung by Ossian, and where he is said to have been born;—but next to that, it is declared to be the wildest vale in Scotland. I have seen wilder places, but never one more lonely, for not a tree was growing all around either in the valley or on Ben Arthur's sides, and thus the solitude is not only felt but seen. The bubbling stream is all the companion the lone traveller has. We reached this place, Cairndow Inn, ten miles from Loch Long, after the sun had set, but long before it was dark,—rejoicing that the labor of the day was over, and welcoming the bed as our best friend. B.

THINGS IN SCOTLAND.—No. XIX.

Tobermory, (Island of Mull,) June 30, 1835.

I am getting up far north, you see; for this island of Mull is one of the Hebrides, or western islands; and if the Glasgow steamer which promises to visit Iceland and return in twelve days, were to come along, I am sure I should go with her, for it don't matter to me at all where I go; as every thing is interesting. My companions now do the studying of geography, and plan the routes; and all I have to do is to go along with them. The darkness hardly shadows the earth here. I should like to see how it would seem in Iceland.

Go back with me, and I will trace my route. To Loch Fine, another inlet of the ocean, we bade adieu at early morning; and by breakfast time, we were at Inverary, seven miles off, over a road exceedingly circuitous, for after four miles walk, on a curve in the loch, we were nearer to the town than when we had walked a mile further. Now we were in the region of the Campbell's as thick as Smiths with you. Call any man Campbell here, and you will be very likely to hit his name. Sir Archibald Campbell, and Sir Colin Campbell, the Governors of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, came, I believe, from this region. We passed the castle, or the palace rather, of the Duke of Argyle (a Campbell); and when I tell you that the Duke of the family here spent a million and a half of dollars in building, planting, [illegible] roads, &c. about the [illegible] what an outlay [illegible] our military services. The scenery about this castle is often spoken of with rapture; but I did not have the good fortune to meet with any of it that was so very rapturous. However, I did not have even an opportunity to see what is to be seen; for the mansion was closed to strangers, as the wife of the Duke of Argyle, who had lately died, was to be brought here, to be laid out in state. The great attraction about Inverary, judging from conversation, is the herring fishery. From 15,000 to 20,000 barrels of herrings are annually taken there.

Here, for variety's sake, we contracted with a post carriage to take us to Loch Awe, some eight or ten miles off. This post-chaise travelling is to be found all over England and Scotland, and is one of the greatest conveniences in the world. On every post road, and on many other roads, these vehicles are to be found. They cost you an English shilling (23 cents as near as may be, for con. esent reckoning) a mile, and six cents more a mile are to be given to the post boy who drives you; for in British reckoning, a post boy and all other waiters are not included in the regular bill. "You can give them *what you please*," you are told; but if you don't give the post boy his three pence a mile, and the waiter's eighteen pence wherever you stop at night, and the coachman a shilling for about every thirty or forty miles and the guard full half that sum, with a sixpence for the porter too, then such a hubbub will be raised, that to escape from it, you will be quite willing to employ all your pockets upon them. But, as they charge no more a mile in these post vehicles to carry four passengers than to carry one, the smoothness of the roads making the transportation of four nearly as easy as that of one, a party sharing the expense travels about as economically as if they were in a coach paying singly. English families, therefore, almost always travel thus. If they have carriages they take a carriage with them; and thus in their own carriage, if they choose, they can be rolled at the rate of a hundred miles a day, almost from one end of the island to the other, horses being always ready, but little delay occurring; one post boy driving eight or ten miles, and then another coming with fresh horses. Almost all the public houses undertake posting as well as entertainment, and thus a party that seek to be alone can be gratified, and can stop any where, or go any where they choose. This is a luxury in travelling which we cannot reach for many years. Mark our travelling during this day, and see the variety we had, without waiting a moment for any one.

Arrived at Loch Awe, we took a boat to go up the loch, and the river Awe, about five miles. This Loch Awe is said to be one of the most magnificent of the fresh water lakes. It is indeed very lone; and the mountains piled high about its sides give it a wild, as well as a melancholy look. The towering Ben Ruachan, another of the family of the mighty Bens, was on our front. Far down the loch were visible remains of a convent and a castle, and here too, is some of Ossian's scenery. Great events have been enacted here in other days by barbarian kings, and here, too, Poetry has strung its harp. Now all is solitude and peace, undisturbed but by a few builders who are working stone at the base of the hills, preparing to erect some gentleman a country seat, that he and his family may enjoy in this solitude the beautiful view.*

We sailed up the river Awe as far as we could get.—About here was a salmon fishery, the privilege of catching fish in which was let for $1500. We then tried our feet once more; and walking down the chattering banks of the river Awe, and by much romantic scenery, we soon met another loch, Loch Etive, a wild arm of the sea, stretching among the mountains. The sudden change from fresh water lochs to salt water lochs, in Scotland is very delightful, for the tide works busily with one, and here and there a vessel is to be seen, while the fresh water lochs look as if they had never been disturbed, even by the ripple of the oar. About here, fable and fact are curiously mingled in old traditions. The fabulous Beregonium is not far off. Ossian figured in many of these scenes. The fall of Connell is said to be "the roaring Luthe." After a walk of five miles, we came to Taynuilt Inn in a wild place, and there we met the coach, on which we rode twelve miles to Oban. At Taynuilt Inn, even there amid the lone hills, is a monument to Lord Nelson said to be the first erected to his memory. The number of these monuments now all over Britain, I verily believe no man can tell, for they are seen in every nook and corner, rude or grand, humble or proud, according to the wealth of the neighborhoods in which they are. The British seem to idolize his name. Even now they feel as if they could not do enough for him, even after they have buried him under the centre of the mighty dome of St. Paul's and put his image of wax, the clothes he wore, and all his orders in Westminster Abbey, by the side of their Kings and Queens. The Duke of Wellington has not half the hold on the British mind, and this only because he did not die at Waterloo, as Nelson died at Trafalgar.—The British, however, are never backward in commemorating any of their victories. Not only are Nelson and Trafalgar blazoned every where, but almost every other thing you meet is named "Waterloo," as Waterloo coaches, Waterloo taverns, Waterloo streets, Waterloo bridges, &c. &c. If I were a Frenchman I could never travel in this country; for instead of seeing beautiful prospects, an eye sore would meet me at every step. The truth is, Bonoparte frightened the English so fearfully when he threatened them with an invasion, and their joy was so great at an unexpected victory over the great soldier, that they were, and have been ever since, frantic over its celebration.

From Taynuilt Inn we followed down the shores of Loch Etive, through a wild and mountainous country, but on excellent McAdamized road even here, which though not turnpikes with tollgates, the inhabitants themselves keep up by a tax on every male inhabitant. At Connell Ferry, the Loch contracts, and at ebb tide, there is a marine cataract like that at St. John, New Brunswick, which the inhabitants think is wonderful, but which is not half so wonderful as the one in the river St. John. Here we left the shores of the Loch, and about two miles beyond is Dunstaffnage Castle, supposed to be the "Dunlora" of Ossian, which was in fact the residence of the Scottish kings and where was kept the famous stone on which they were crowned, until Kenneth II. removed it to Scone.† This castle is on a bold promontory jutting into the Loch; thus built the better for defence in those times when no man's house was safe. Now all that remains of this old castle is the outer walls; and thus has fallen the house of the Bruce and the Lords of the Isles! We reached Oban not late in the afternoon; and after a little preparation in "the Caledonian Hotel," an excellent

* The English use this phrase, as we say from the St Croix to the Sabine, or from Maine to Georgia. John O'Groate's House was an octagonal building (now in ruins) on the most northern part to the island—in Caithness.

* A country seat on Moose Head Lake, would not be more lonely, nor so lone by and by when a steam boat is put upon it, and quite as pretty situated, in all probability.

† Robert Bruce held a Parliament here in 1307, where nothing but Gaelic was spoken. This rebel Earl of Argyle landed here in 1685.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Suicide.—The Coroner reports that Richard Bennett, an Englishman by birth, aged 36 years, committed suicide on Saturday night, at his lodgings in the American Hotel, by discharging two pistols, one on each side of his head, and lodging a ball from each in his brain; he expired instantly.

On motion of P. Oakford, Esq. Michael S. Roche was, on Saturday last, 14th inst. admitted to practice as an Attorney of the Court of Common Pleas, for the City and County of Philadelphia.

Dr. Hugh L. Hodge was on Saturday evening elected professor of Materia Medica, and of the diseases of women and children, in the University of Pennsylvania, in place of Dr. Dewees, who resigned on account of ill health.

A Mr. Isaac Maguire was accidentally killed in the vicinity of Newcastle, on Wednesday week. He fell from the shaft of a loaded wagon, and was crushed by the wheels.

Distressing Accident.—A little girl, aged nine years, named Caroline Hyner, daughter of James Hyner, of the Northern Liberties, while at the public school in Third above Brown street, on Tuesday afternoon, left the room, in the second story, to go of an errand. While descending the stairs, which are by no means steep, she was heard to fall, and the teacher (Mr. R. Kuehner) going to the head of the stairway, discovered the child at the foot, apparently much injured, and on taking her up, found her unable to speak. A physician and bleeder were sent for immediately, but their efforts proved unavailing. The child, in falling, had struck the back part of its head and fractured the skull. She expired in half an hour.

A coroner's jury was called, whose verdict was in accordance with the above fact.

Mr. William Burk, was on Monday evening, about 11 o'clock, met at the corner of Eleventh and Arch street by some persons, who knocked him down with a club and robbed him of his hat, pocket book, containing about twenty dollars, and an old silver watch. Mr. B. who lives, at No. 6 Norris's Alley, offers a reward of ten dollars for the recovery of his property.

The State Legislature will meet in Harrisburg on Tuesday the first of December. The inauguration of Mr. Ritner, the Governor elect, will take place on Tuesday, the 15th of December.

The northern lights were witnessed with admiration, by thousands of our citizens, on Tuesday night. They made a most brilliant appearance.

Sally Found.—Mrs. Royal announces, in her last paper, that her lost necessary, Sally, has returned to the Cabinet of the Fair Pry, safe and sound, but leaving the cause of her late absence still a mystery.

Duke W. Hutlins, the father of one of the gamblers hung at Vicksburg, has made a moving appeal for justice on those who he terms the "murderers of his son," to Governor Runnels of Mississippi. He appeals to the Governor to take the ordinary steps to bring those concerned to trial.

Appointment by the Governor.—Nathaniel B. Eldred, Esq. to be President Judge of the 18th Judicial District composed of the counties of Warren, J. Berson, Potter and M'Kean.

Appointment by the Governor.—Solomon Mason to be Prothonotary, Register and Recorder, Clerk of the Orphan's Court, and Clerk of the Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Bedford county, in the place of the Hon. Job Mann, resigned.

Appointment by the Canal Commissioners.—William Innes, to be Collector of Tolls for the Port of Easton, in the place of Calem Dunnberry, deceased.

Commencement of the New York and Erie Rail Road.—It is with feelings of the highest satisfaction that we announce the important intelligence, that the construction of this great work was commenced on the morning of the 15th November, by ploughing the first ground at sunrise, at the western extremity of section No. 200, on the Delaware River, in the village of Deposit.

There are 947 steam engines in France, possessing a force of 14,747 horse power—of these 144 were made abroad. A majority of all the engines are high pressure. There were on Jan 1, 1835, ninety five steam vessels, of which 82 are low pressure, and 59 of the whole are foreign.

It has recently been decided in Liverpool, that if a vessel does not put to sea at the time stipulated, emigrant passengers have a right to claim one shilling per day each, for every day's detention, agreeably to the 14th clause of the new passenger's regulation act.

A girl calling herself Mary Ross, died suddenly on Wednesday evening, in the southern part of the city. She was buried under the direction of the Coroner.—She had said that her relations lived in Salem county New Jersey.

The New Orleans American says that if a census was taken of that city in the winter, it would be found to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants.

Eagle Stage Line.—The mail stage from this place to the South, Hon. Charles Caldwell, contractor, left it place on Wednesday week, in an *air car*!—a bag of salt on one side, and the bag mail bag on the other—and the vacuum filled up with nations, like a Yankee whooper—"*long nose and short nose.*" That's the neat thing to a tail road. Encore—a negro's and a boy of the [illegible] Department in our presence a lubricous and huggerly spectacle, of the following announcation from the Little Rock Advocate, of the departure thence of the general mail, he true:

We learn (see the Commercial Herald,) that the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company have for some time past used Anthracite Coal exclusively for their locomotive engines. A ton and a half of coal takes a locomotive, we understand, with a train of cars, carrying 50 tons of freight, to the inclined plane, 42 miles, and brings back a train with 100 tons. Making the steam generated by one ton equal to the conveyance of 75 tons 56 miles. They have purchased this year from the Delaware Coal Company about 3000 tons.

The Apalachicola Advertiser informs us that the population of that place since the first of August has not averaged more than *seventy souls*, and of this number *thirty four* had fallen victims to the fever.—Not more than five persons who remain of there escaped disease.

A Capital Correspondent.—Williams, our quartermaster, is an eccentric character. He is reserved, and constantly receives letters from his absent rib; these, however, he never opens but keeps them all tied up.—On his return, he says, she can read them to him all of a lump.—*Aulaja's Visit to Constantinople.*

A storm winter predicted.—The Alexandria Gazette says, "Weather-wise folks predict that this will be a warm winter. It is said that the abundance of acorns, the growth of vegetables, and the weather up to this time are all prognostics of a winter the reverse of the last. We shall see.

"Mast," we believe, is a term applied to acorns in the south.

Among the amusements described as having recently taken place at Margate, we observe.

"Climbing up a greased pole, jumping in sacks, &c. A delicate entertainment followed: a man *naked*, except a scanty pair of drawers, ran about a ring jumping a hell, while several persons blindfolded endeavored to catch him. This performance, from its elegance and its display of much natural grace, was universally approved."

The Astor Hotel.—The New York Sun says: The land on which the Astor House stands is valued at 250,000 dollars, and nearly that sum has already been expended in the erection of the building. It will be finished next year.

Texas Volunteers.—Twenty seven volunteers left Mobile, on the 5th inst. for Texas, in the steamboat Watchman. A great concourse of citizens accompanied them to the wharf, and on the boat casting off gave them three cheers.

Prisoners Escaped.—The Jail of Washington co. Pa. was broken, by forcing a passage through the roof, and 4 prisoners escaped therefrom, on the night of the 5th inst. Their names are Alfred and William Kelly, (confined on an aggravated case of assault and battery) Joseph Frederick and Hugh L'Comte, for larceny.

Small Pox.—We are informed from a source entitled to the fullest credit, that a considerable number of deaths by small pox have recently occurred in this city, and that other cases are now existing. The seat of the disease is in Main street. Our weekly reports have only told us of a single case this week, and we are certain have been heretofore incorrect. The proper authorities should look to it.—*Long Island Star.*

Florida Wrecks.—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." The wreckers of Florida, will pocket large profits from the calamities which have lately been taken the bold mariner on the coral reefs of that dangerous shore. The editor of the Tallahassee Florida, on who lately visited Key West, says, the shore is strewed with wrecks, and that the salvage will amount to near 200,000. Many lives were lost, several vessels sunk, with every soul on board. Among them 13 in the Frolic. The same editor requires most of those disasters to the absence of lights on our coast, or the existence of such as are seen only as dangerous decoys.

Look out for Illegal Voters.—At the recent election a stripling, apparently fourteen or fifteen years of age, presented himself at the polls as a voter. The Inspector said, "Young man, you don't pretend to be qualified to vote, do you?" "What, I guess I do, though," replied the young politician; "I've shaved at spell three three months back, or so." The reply created a loud laugh, and the imperiled telling him that he was too young a shaver to shave him, rejected his vote.

A Brother!—The Bangor Commercial relates, that Joseph Spencer, brother to the criminal who is now under sentence of death, immediately after the jury returned a verdict of guilty in his case, stepped up to one of the counsel and coolly asked him who he had was to look to for his fees for attending the court as a witness!

A Scene in Georgia.—A letter received at Augusta, from Milledgeville, under date of the seventh inst. says:—"To-day, in the House of Representatives, Messrs. Spencer Riley, and Baker, (the Dueling parts to agree) had a rencounter, in which Bishop shot Riley. The ball entered his side and passed out near the socket of the jaw bone. The wound was not considered dangerous."

A Long Contract.—Mr. J. Caldwell, proprietor and manager of the New Orleans Theatre, has extended his engagement till they have marched and countermarched, Hy; which city he has contracted to light with gas for thirty-nine years to come.

We learn that a murderer entered the house No. 133 south Sixth street, on Tuesday morning, and stole from the kitchen a number of silver tea spoons. Such robbers would do well to be on the alert, as we have heard of several instances of larceny of this description within a day or two.

The load mines in Wythe county, Virginia, yield annually from 150 to 200 tons.—The Abingdon Horsemen think the quantity would be much augmented, and also many other of the rich mineral resources of south western Virginia, in iron, salt, gypsum, marble, copper, &c. developed, if there were a rail road from thence to an eastern market.

A new composition for repairing roads is under trial in England. It is composed of asphaltum, slag, oxide of iron and lime, melted together in furnaces, and is called "bitumenous lava." It is said to be harder than granite.

The custom of eating goose at Michaelmas, is said to have originated from queen Elizabeth, having on her way to Tilbury Fort, dined on that dish, and her usual allowance of half a pint of Burgundy, on the very day the Spanish Armada was destroyed, which event she afterwards annually celebrated by a similar repast.

The National Intelligencer says—"Governor Lucas, of Ohio, has issued a proclamation, recommending to the good people of that State the object of the Washington National Monument Society, as one 'truly worthy of a grateful nation,' and deserving of their attention and aid. We hope his example will be followed by the Chief Magistrates of all the states."

United States Bank stock sold in New York on Saturday last, at 111½.

Monument to Perry.—A large number of patriotic citizens of Erie county recently held a meeting to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a monument to Commodore Perry.

Massachusetts.—From the returns received from this state, it is certain that Mr. Everett is elected Governor by a large majority.

The Remains of Chief Justice Marshall.—The Common Council of the city of Richmond lately passed some resolutions to be communicated to the family of the late Chief Justice, testifying their sense of the loss sustained by the country and by that city in particular, in his death, and requesting permission to erect a monument over his remains, at the expense of the city. This proposal the family of the deceased have left bound to decline. They say in reply to the communication of the Common Council, that their father, a short time previous to his dissolution, designated the spot at which he wished to be buried, described the tomb, and wrote an inscription to be placed on it, and that they had promised a strict compliance with the request.

It is stated in a Wheeling paper, that a bridge across the Ohio river will shortly be erected at that town—the whole amount of stock in a joint company necessary to effect that object having been promptly subscribed. The same paper furnishes the interesting information, that it is contemplated to construct a Railroad from Wellsville on the west branch of the Ohio river, to Freeport on Lake Erie. Wellsville is about thirty-five miles above Wheeling—and it is quite probable, that by the time the bridge is constructed, the contemplated railroad will not only be commenced, but far advanced—and a connecting road from Wellsville to the west end of the bridge either made or in progress.

Singular Lusus Naturæ.—In the Tarborough (N. C.) Press, there is a letter from J. Laurence, M. D. which speaks of a negro infant at his birth, "breathing full and easy, and at times crying strong, which though its body, limbs and face were well proportioned, and rather over the ordinary size, had no skull above a line drawn from the upper part of the nose by each ear, to a little above the joining of the neck and skull behind—so brain nor membranes. It was slightly excavated at the top and covered with a thin skin, a continuation of the common integuments, and there were a few sprigs of woolly hair on the back of its neck. The child lived thirty hours and some minutes, but it never sucked any thing."

Prentice Inns.—The editor of the Bangor Republican, in referring to an alleged distinction between the whigs and anti-masons, says "if any one can tell when the Devil and Sin were married." Yes—about nine months before the birth of the editor of the Bangor Republican.

The editor of the Advertiser charges us with being a poet. The charge is unjust. We have had nothing to do with the rhyming trade since he took it up. Our readers cannot have forgotten his famous couplet:

"As certain and sure as cats do sneeze,
"The moon is made of molasses and cheese,"

He is also supposed to be the author of the annexed couplet, which is hardly less famous than the above.

"The rail went down upon the water,
"A great deal further than it ought to.

Geographical Discoveries in Maine.—We have seen specimens of four different kinds of marble, together with several specimens of silver, lead, copper, and iron ores, lately discovered in Maine, and now exhibiting at the Mechanics Exchange in this city. We understand that a company with a capital of $600,000 had already been formed with a view to the immediate mining of these several quarries and beds. Our builders have an opportunity of getting some of this beautiful marble, &c. into use in this city.—*Mer. Adv.*

A curious wager was lately decided in France. Two men differed as to who could remain longest in the water. Both threw themselves into a running stream; and as the weather was hot, they found their positions at first rather agreeable than otherwise. After passing six hours, however one became a little fidgety, which [illegible] of course, [illegible] a quiet [illegible] not leave the water till the following morning. His opponent at once gave in.

Importation of Silk.—In a discourse lately delivered before the American Institute, it was stated that "there were annually consumed in the United States more silk than all the wheat, rye, oats, flaxseed, biscuit, potatoes and hops, which are exported will pay for, by nearly two millions of dollars." There is no doubt of the truth of the statement, and it furnishes a strong argument in favor of national encouragement to the culture and manufacture of silk which even sophistry cannot evade.

The Newcastle (Del.) Gazette invites the attention of capitalists to that town, "where ground is cheap, rents high, and buildings in great demand." Stores and dwelling houses are much wanted.

Capt. Timothy House.—The Boston Transcript says:—In the course of twenty-six years, has sailed in three vessels—one ship, one schooner, and one brig—100,000 miles, has fallen in with six wrecks—three capsized, one sinking, and two abandoned—and has rescued fourteen lives. He attributes accidents in most instances to carelessness or neglect of duty, and says that "all officers should keep a good look out when on deck, and not go to sleep." We agree with him entirely.

The "Register and Library of Medical and Chirurgical Science," contains an interesting account from a correspondent of an adder which actually committed suicide. The Snake had been captured and placed under a handkerchief upon a grass plat, for the purpose of allowing its captor to see what sort of exertions it would make to escape. The adder tried its best to get clear of its confinement, but after finding every effort ineffectual, it turned to incontinently and put itself to death.

A Rogue at Camden.—One of the light fingered gentry, probably from New York or Philadelphia, paid Camden a visit on Sunday afternoon, the 8th inst. and took lodgings for the night at one of the principal hotels. During the course of the night he entered the breeches pockets of a fellow lodger of about sixty dollars in money, and made off, leaving behind, however, in his hurry, a valise and umbrella which he had robbed a gentleman of the preceding evening. The fellow has been heard of since.—*N. J. Her.*

Pigeon Shooting.—We learn that a Pigeon match will take place on Monday next, at ten o'clock, at the house of Thomas Jackson, formerly occupied by Samuel Tuton, Richmond Village. One hundred birds will be "let off" in the course of the morning.

We are credibly informed, says the Stamford Sentine, that Mr. Henry M. Wood, of this town, a short time since, dug and picked up one hundred and fifty three bushels of potatoes in one day between sun and sun, on the land of Mr. Eber Smith. He filled one cart, and the balance he emptied into two heaps.

We understand that in the case of the Commonwealth versus Col. Robert M. Lee, the jury returned into court on Wednesday afternoon with a verdict of "not guilty,"—the defendant to pay the costs. The Judge delivered his charge on Tuesday afternoon, and the Jurors could not agree until four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, and were consequently out about 24 hours.

How to get a tight ring of the finger.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the needle under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches toward the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread, and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring, will gradually remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however, swollen the finger may be.

"Are you the man," said an American coachman to the Duke of Bernard, of Saxe Weimar, "that is to go in that carriage?" "Yes." "Then I am the gentleman that is to drive you."—*London Courier.*

New Orleans Fashions.—A stranger to New Orleans would suppose that the city abounded in gentlewomen belonging to the Society of Friends, on account of the mode of adjusting their hair. Instead of having it disposed in braids or plaited, or having it in curls or ringlets, where the loves and graces might playfully disport to decoy the affections of the admirers of beauty, our gentlewomen have it cemented with pig's fat, strained at the roots of their forehead, to give them an outlandish appearance, and then gathered behind the hollow of the occiput, in a drooping knot, hanoured perhaps by a few iron pins. Although "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," in the language of the poet, every lady is not such a beauty as to depend solely on her natural accomplishments, without displaying them to the best advantage; and no woman is ever considered orderly or useful as a housewife who is not neat in her dress. Our ladies appear to have foreswore themselves to their head gear, for few, very few, wear even caps, or have the slightest ornament.—*New Orleans paper.*

"A young girl at Cincinnati recently stabbed a negro fellow in the heart, who attempted to take liberties with her person. This is no country for Desdemonas and Othellos.

"J. J. Flournoy says he will give that young lady who stabbed the negro rascal in Cincinnati, One Hundred Dollars, as a private bounty."

We cut the following from the Southern Whig, of October 15, printed in Athens, Georgia. The paper was sent to our office with a pen marked round the extract. We add, that the young woman was recently tried for the homicide, in our Court of Common Pleas, and acquitted. Mr. J. J. Flournoy is really disposed to give the Indian, he can place it in the hands of the mayor of Cincinnati, by whom she will be sure to receive it.—*Cincinnati Daily Star.*

Elephant's Love of Sweetmeats.—The elephant's partiality for sweetmeats is acquired in plantations of sugar cane, and is universal. A curious instance of sagacity was shewn by one extraordinary, and the method pursued to gratify it in its savage state, is upon record. It chanced that a cooley laden with jaggery (a coarse preparation of sugar) was surprised in a pass in the kingdom of Candy by a wild elephant. The poor fellow, intent upon saving his life, threw down the burthen, which the elephant devoured, and being pleased with the repast, determined not to allow any person egress or ingress who did not provide him with a similar banquet. The pass occurred upon one of the principal thoroughfares to the capital, and the elephant taking up a formidable position at the entrance, obliged every passenger to pay tribute. It soon became generally known that a donation of jaggery would ensure safe conduct through the guarded portal, and no one presumed to attempt the passage without the expected offering.—*Miss Roberts's Scenes of Hindostan.*

The "Life" in an Oyster.—The liquor in an oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryos, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of those, in a row, would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalculæ, five hundred times less in size, which emit phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not, conclude here, for, besides the last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worm, found in oysters, half an inch in length, which shove like the glow worms. The sea-star, the cockle, and muscle, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell, when they gape, and suck them out.

When the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow side downward, but when it ebbs, they turn on the other side. *Query*—How do those manage that are attached to rocks? Do they, like the cunning politician, go with the tide? What a moral might be drawn from the economy of the oyster! The loose ones, it seems, are always "on the fence."

FRENCH LEGAL DROLLERY.

The London police reporters have long been eminent for the oddity of their perpetrations, and their reports have become a class among literary productions. The spirit seems to have crossed the channel, and we find, now and then, some whimsical affairs in the Paris papers under the reporter's head. The following is a translation from a report in the *Constitutional* with which we were so much amused that we thought it worth an English version. Much of the point and humor is unavoidably lost in the process, but if we are not deceived, there is enough left to afford some amusement to our readers.

Bassois was brought up for practising pugilism and other improper sciences on the person of his wife. When the prisoner was called, his visage expressed the most perfect wonder, and his features seemed to exclaim, "What? hauled up for such a trifling matter as this?"

The President. It seems that on the 20th of August you committed a violent assault upon your wife.

Bassois. Pardon me, monsieur le president! I allowed my wife! My dear friend, let me assure you that I am a man incapable of such an action. I will tell you the whole story. You see I'm a potter by trade, and I had been as far as Gentilly to get a load of clay—well, after that you know it was quite natural to stop in at the wine shop and rest a little, like any other decent citizen; well, in comes my wife, you see, and she and me had a glass together quite civil, and after that we set off together for home, the best friends in the world—I don't believe there was more than one cuff on the ears between us all the way home, and perhaps a kick or two—and you know that's nothing.

The President. Well, but for all your friendship, it seems that after you got home you kept on beating her, and that in the end you threw her out of a window fifteen feet from the ground.

Bassois. Fifteen! I beg pardon, monsieur le president, but it wasn't an inch more than twelve and a half. To be sure there was an area under the window, to have thrown her, but that's no fault of mine, you know; besides she got up by herself.

Here madame Bassois was called as a witness, and solemnly asseverated that she had jumped out of the window of her own accord, not knowing what she did.

The President. Did your husband beat you?

Madame Bassois. Well, I can't say but what he did, but that is a thing that does'nt often happen—only when he gets his steam up a little too much.

The President. And how often does he get his steam up, as you call it?

Madame Bassois. Oh, never almost; only on Sundays, and black Monday, you know, of course, and on Saturday when he gets his wages, and sometimes two or three other days in the week—barring this he never goes near the wine shop.

The President. But what possessed you to throw yourself out of window?

Madame Bassois. Why, you see Bassois had torn my clothes pretty much off me, and I was afraid he'd go to tearing me next.

The President. But you said at the time, that he had thrown you out, and the witnesses said so too; are you not afraid of getting a beating if you tell the truth?

Bassois. Monsieur le president, I am not in the I take her twice as [illegible] Bad'nt Rainbow!

The witnesses were then called, the first of whom *Langlois*, stated that he saw a bonnet come smashing out of the window, and after the bonnet a woman whirling over and over like a ball. After reaching the ground she straightened herself out and said it was her husband who had thus set her a flying.—Before she come out, she was screeching like a man with the tooth ache.

Madame Bassois. Oh what a big liar!

Bernard, another witness, thus delivered himself. I'll tell you what it is, president, I was going quietly along before this here chap's house, and I heard a woman hollow out—I stops a little bit, and then I raps at the door and calls Bassois—and he says to me, says he, "I can't open the door for you now, because I'm busy walloping my wife."—And then the first thing I knew, down comes a big bundle right alongside of me, and what should it be but this here woman rolling over and over like a whirligig, and Bassois poking his head out of the window and looking to see how she came down.—And then I looks up at him and I sings out "Hallow," says I, "what sort of a way's that to pitch your wife tight on top of a fellow's head?" And then he makes answer and says, "If you my much I'll pitch myself down on top of you, and see how you like that," says he—and that's all I know about it

Bassois. Only to hear that now! I, that am as gentle and peaceable as a lamb!

The President. Oh, what a liar! what a set of liars of witnesses!

Monsieur Bassois was condemned to a year's imprisonment, to the great horror and scandal of his wife, who ceased not to exclaim, "oh, what liars! what a set of lying witnesses!"

Disease of the Windpipe among Clergymen.—This alarming disease, sometimes improperly called "Bronchitis," has, it is well known, become exceedingly common among the clerical profession in our country. As most ministers of the gospel were during the past summer, were ill in the space of a few days noticed at Saratoga, labouring under it. What makes it a subject of greater interest, is that in this climate, if it has progressed to a certain point beyond the incipient stage, it almost always fatal. The Rev. Mr. Rutledge, of Charleston, S.C. was cut off by it a few years ance in the prime of his life, leaving a large and interesting family behind. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, the eloquent pastor of Grace Church, also like Mr. Rutledge, a southern man, and therefore more predisposed to pulmonary inflammation, has recently left here for Europe, with symptoms, which it is feared indicated an attack of this dreadful malady.—We believe it was first scientifically described by Dr. Hugh McLean, of New York, in the American Med. and Phil. Register. He properly called it *Laryngeal Phthisis*, or consumption, attacking the upper part of the windpipe, in the immediate neighbourhood of the cartilages and muscles employed in speech. It has, also, besides its characteristic symptoms of hoarseness and loss of speech, those of ordinary consumption—the same hectic flush, emaciation of fever, night sweats, expectoration, &c. though all are infinitely more rapid when the disease has fairly turned. Constant expectoration of a muco-purulent matter, sometimes streaked with blood—great difficulty of breathing—finally, painful respiration, accompanied with struggling for breath and rattling of mucus in the windpipe and lungs haggard, emaciated countenance and distress of mind, though with perfect consciousness to the last, follow each other in rapid succession, and soon close the scene.

Dr. McLean might have called it also *Tracheitis Phthisica*, as the windpipe proper, before it branches into the lungs, is almost always involved, as may be seen by examining after death, the ulcerations and inflamed patches on the mucous membrane immediately at the bifurcation of the Bronchiæ. The whole of the body and substance of the lungs also, may finally become implicated by the inflammation extending into all the ramifications of the air vessels. But more frequently perhaps the disease is confined to one spot, that of the windpipe, and rapidly wastes away the patient by incessant mucous expectorations, hoarseness and irritation.

A clergyman in a newspaper at Philadelphia, has in a long article enumerated the supposed causes, many of which are well founded. He inquires in frequent occurrence among clergymen, to their incessant labour in speaking, the loudness and length of their sermons, the early life at which they commence their labors, confinement in the close air of theological seminaries and badly constructed churches, their being called upon to perform so much more than duty at benevolent societies, and at funerals in the open air, &c. than formerly, the throwing of the head back in prayer, anthracite coal, &c. The last we doubt. Our capricious, humid and cold climate is enough without any other.

There is but one word, in our opinion, to say of the remedy, and that is a NOT CLIMATE, in the West Indies, or elsewhere in the tropics, as soon as the victim can fly there. Medicaments are, we think, totally inadmissible, and delay or procrastination is fatal. A residence in the tropics immediately revolutionizes the circulation of the fluids, throws them on the skin, and restores all the functions.—*N. Y. Evening Star.*

Difficulties of Playwrights.—In writing a play, an author has six different chances to please: firstly, his readers; secondly, himself; thirdly, the manager; fourthly, the actors; fifthly, the audience; and lastly, the critics. In no walk of literature are there so many obstacles to be encountered as the dramatic. In trying to the patience, and so humiliating to a proud spirit; and yet, forsooth! some folk affect to think it a trifle to write a play. A trifle, indeed.

DESTRUCTIVE GALE AT BUFFALO.

Correspondence of the Albany Evening Journal.

BUFFALO, Wednesday, 9 P. M.

Dear Sir—Never, in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of this place, has it been visited by so severe a storm as is at present raging. The wind commenced blowing down the lake, accompanied with hail and rain, about sunrise, and has increased to a perfect gale. The whole lower parts of the city are completely covered with water. Warehouses on the creek, have two and three feet water in them. Vessels and steam boats lying at the wharves, even in so good a harbour, will receive more or less damage.—Some of them are already up the wharves and may be entirely wrecked. The Lake makes a complete breach up as far as the canal, and boats have been all day employed in securing the lives of men, women and children, who have been driven from their residences on the Flats; and, worse than all, several have already been drowned. Several houses near the creek have already been blown over, and others unroofed. God grant it may subside with the setting of the sun, which is usual here during several blows from the S. W.

At present there is no giving you any idea of the loss of property and lives.

I have just understood that the Steamboat Thos. Jefferson is upon the wharf, at the foot of Main street. We shall hear to-morrow and and news I fear, from up the Lake. Mr. Cost, who has resided here for 20 years, says he never knew the water to be so high, during his knowledge of the place. One or two vessels came in this morning completely dismasted, and one sunk soon after getting into the harbour. You will have more particulars next mail.

P. S. As respects any lives being lost, it is at present uncertain, some have said that the number I mentioned is correct—how it is I am unable to say.

Afloat at the Natural Bridge.—The Richmond Whig publishes a letter from a highly respectable source, dated "Lexington, November 7, 1835," giving an account of an unpleasant occurrence which took place in the vicinity of the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, on the 1st inst. It appears that Henry T. Garnett, Esq. who was on his way to Alabama with his family and a large number of slaves, stopped on the road side near the Natural Bridge to obtain some water. While there, a negro man, the property of a lady in the neighborhood, came up, accompanied by some 20 or 30 slaves, and addressed to Mr. G. some insolent language. Mr. G. told him not to repeat it, but to be off about his business; the negro repeated his insolence, when Mr. G. told him he would chastise him if he was not soon off. At this the negro aimed a blow at Mr. G. with a heavy stick. The latter drew a pistol, but was dissuaded from firing, by his lady, who was in the carriage; the negro then aimed a second blow at Mr. G. which the latter stepped back one step to avoid, but in so doing his right foot went into a mud hole and he fell: In the act of falling his pistol, which he held in his left hand at the time, accidentally went off, and the ball entered the breast of the negro and passed through his lungs. Mr. G. immediately went in pursuit of a Justice of the Peace. He was examined and admitted to bail. On the 6th inst. his trial took place, at the Court House, in Lexington, when, after a full investigation of the subject he was unanimously acquitted. The negro was not then dead, but the Court said that his death, which was expected, would not affect the case.

Self-adjusting Bridge.—We have been shown a miniature bridge, invented by Solomon W. Bristol, of Brockport, designed for canals. The objects proposed to be gained by the substitution of this bridge for the present ones, are, the avoidance of their present elevation and the inconvenience experienced by travellers in passing under the bridges as now constructed.—This bridge consists of two equal parts, which the boat in its transit throws asunder, but which, by aid of a pendant weight, immediately readjust themselves after its passage. The two parts of which the bridge is composed, act on rollers, consequently present but little resistance to the passing of a boat. As a description of the improvement is somewhat difficult, we would simply call the attention of the public to it as one in our opinion worthy of examination, for, should the self-adjusting bridge prove practicable, the inventor will have materially benefited the public.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Late from Europe.

By the packet ship Samson, Captain Shadwick, from London, which arrived here on Sunday evening, we have received English papers to the evening of October 10th. And by the brig Norfolk, Captain Matthews, from Bordeaux; and the ship Olympus, Captain Adams, from Havre, which reached here at the same time, we have French papers up to the 5th ult. inclusive.

England.—The refusal of the Bank of England to discount all paper bearing the accredited endorsement of any Joint Stock Bank that circulate their own notes, without the name of any known merchant in addition, has created no little excitement in the monetary circles in London.

Spain.—Don Carlos, like Romulus, has suddenly disappeared from his army—supposed to have gone to Toplus. Mendizabel's policy is directed towards the re-establishment of the Cortez. The Spaniards understand the nature of this body better than the subdivision of the chambers into Procures and Procuradores. They cling with idolatrous attachment to their ancient institutions.

[illegible] of 4000 *desperados*, (literally *desperate men*) or desperate bravery, had in consequence of the resignation of Torreno, encamped some short distance from Madrid.

Los Heros has accepted the Home Department, and Gomez Becerra that of Grace and Justice. The London Sun speaking of the probable establishment of the Cortes says:

"Resting on this sacred covenant with the nation, the young Queen may hurl defiance at her enemies.—Her reign, too, will be an iris in the sky, announcing that the political waters have subsided to their proper level, and three centuries of frightful misrule, during which all the elements of public prosperity successively disappeared."

The reason of Don Carlos "making tracks" so suddenly is, it is supposed, because he has been, if report be true, totally defeated by some rascals in the Basque provinces, on the 1st of October twenty five sub-officers and two soldiers of the 11th Regiment of the line were brought prisoners into Toulouse, escorted by gendarmerie. They were said to be implicated in the conspiracy lately discovered in that city. The 9th, 17th, and 37th Regiments of the line are also said to be infected with the conspiracy. The government is proceeding otherwise vigorously against the Commandants of the National Guard, and persecuting the Press. The editor of the *Reformateur* was again convicted on Wednesday last of a seditious libel, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 6,000 francs.

The trial of Fieschi is postponed until next spring. It is reported that Louis Philippe is inclined to set at liberty Prince Polignac and his fellow prisoners in Ham Castle. It was stated that M. Chapteloune, one of the unfortunate individuals, had lost his reason.

M. Perrier, the coffee-house-keeper, who was arrested as one of Fieschi's accomplices, has been set at liberty.

The Palace of Bagatelle, near Paris, which had found no bidders, about three months ago, at the price of 180,000 francs, was sold on Wednesday, at the Hotel de Ville, for 313,100 francs. The purchaser's name is not known.

It is affirmed that 40,000 pilgrims have perished with cholera in the deserts of Mecca, being previously worn down with fatigue and hunger.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The Great Review at Kalisch.—The Grand Review of the Russian and Prussian forces at Kalisch in the middle of September, in presence of the Emperor of the former and King of the latter, must, from the details given, have presented a spectacle of which there is no parallel on record. There were 84,000 troops collected—infantry, cavalry and artillery. On the arrival of the King of Prussia, the Russians were drawn up in line before their tents and the King of Prussia marched before them at the head of his columns—sword drawn; the Emperor of Russia and his brother, the Duke Michael, falling in at the head of the Prussian regiments named after them. The same compliment was returned by the Russian troops, with the Emperor, at the head, marching in column before the Prussians in line, the three sons of the King of Prussia taking the command of the respective Russian regiments named after them in courtesy. The Empress of Russia rode on horseback at the head of her regiment of Guards. The cavalry regiment of Circassian Kurds, and those of the Mussulmans and rival Cossacs, attracted, by their costume and their extraordinary feats after the parade, the greatest attention. They leaped from their horses in full flight and remounted again; stood up upon their horses; fired at a target with the greatest precision at the top of their speed, and performed various other evolutions, which astonished every body.

The silly and ambiguous words in the new beer act, "To be drunk on the premises," and which are required to be placed over the beer shops, has of course been literally interpreted by the parties interested—the vendor and the consumer—the former selling and the latter drinking *ad libitum* until literally *drunk*, according to the *letter* of the law. In the very endeavour to restrain intemperance, the pedantry of the lawgivers has, on the contrary, encouraged and sanctioned it.

There exist it is said, secret clubs of Republicans throughout the French army—one of them was lately arrested at Toulouse. They wore scarfs of blue, black and red, and had placed before each of the members on a table, a crucifix, bible, and two pugnards crossed.

Mr. Williams, an Irish quaker, who was imprisoned 6 months at Carlow, for refusing to pay tithes to the Dean and Chapter of Loughlin, has been released under the act of the last session, relative to the Society of Friends.

Duty on Paper.—There is no source from which so much accurate, extended and minute information may be learned, touching all subjects of public interest, as in the Examination before Committees of Parliament.—In a recent long report on Duties upon Paper, it appears that this falls most heaviest on cheapest publications. Mr. Knight, of the "Penny Cyclopedia," so well known in America, stated that though it was one fifth the cost the work paid no 20,000 a year—if reduced one half it would pay on 40,000—if wholly removed, on 20,000. It is estimated that of all the paper consumed, two thirds is in printing and the other third in stationary.

The charge of postage on Colonial newspapers from England and Ireland, Dunman's land to England, is only one penny—which is certainly cheap freight for 10 or 12,000 miles.

Mad. Malibran, at her recent re-appearance upon the Scala of Milan—spite of the prevailing cholera, in the part of Desdemona, was received with the most enthusiastic shouts. The congratulations were called in to prove the sentiment which amounted to madness, had endangered the safety of the house.

Fenimore Cooper, one of the ablest American remarks, is in his sea-novels, keeping up the same kind of contest with his great rival Marryatt, as the two countries to which those authors respectively belong, did with their naval armaments during the late war.

The devil come to a unfavory grave.—Mr. Wm. Dwivil e, son of a lamp maker, (a very appropriate author for his satanic majesty) on going down the Thames in a small boat to Hammersmith, (probably on a visit to that renowned forgeman Vulcan) was unfortunately upset and drowned.

A company of comedians, including Mr. Gale, have sailed from England for New Orleans. It would appear that our countrymen, Caldwell, had summoned to his new Thespian palace, the musical and histronic talent of the four quarters of the globe. It must be henceforward crowned the "King of the Drama."

The English papers speak of an intended visit of Mrs. Fanny Butler and husband to England.

The late Mr. Rippon, of the Bank of England, was a remarkable instance of the force of habit, and of the degree to which the mind becomes warped by unplodding and unchanging routine of life. For fifty years he was never absent but once from his desk, and that but for three days in the country, where he hastened to enjoy with green fields and flowers, that he hastened back in despair to his old accustomed haunt. He left £60,000.

Some recent decisions of courts martial in Belgium, declare duelling not punishable by existing laws.

A young whale measuring 51 feet, was recently dead in the bend and captured by some boatmen off the coast of Holland.

One fourth of the city of Cavaraca has been destroyed by earthquake, burying 500 persons under the ruins. Ten villages in the vicinity have also been destroyed. One of them entirely disappeared.

A new sect has arisen in Suabia, called the Chaudera, who pretend to have mysterious intercourse with extraordinary beings.

The wretch *Fieschi* is said to have been crafted in profligacy and crime. His parents, uncles, &c. were all felons, brigands or galley slaves. This unknown and hopes, it is said, that his punishment will be commuted to deportation, and constantly amuses himself in his cell, in playing at cards and dominos.

The Lace-Pieces in London.—The following description of a tremendous political meeting of 12 persons in the London Tavern, we should suppose must have been calculated for the meridian of Job Haskell.

They were precisely of that order of architecture in society that a phrenologist, or close observer of human nature, would predicate from their countenances the reverse of honesty, and a philanthropist in pay honor a suit of clothes upon.

"*The Mistletoe Bough.*"—A young girl falling in love with a servant man, went to his chamber, where for security and secrecy her lover locked her up in a wooden chest until she was nearly suffocated.

One of the venerable maidens of the sisterhood of charity of the Hotel Dieu Hospital at Caen

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicknell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 20, 1835.

ASHES,		
Pot....cwt.	6 75	7 00
Pearl	7 75	8 00
BUTTER,		
Tub....lb.		
Extra keg, No. 1	13	14½
No. 1	13	14
No. 2	11½	12½
COAL,		
Lehigh....ton		5 00
Schuylkill	4 75	5 00
COFFEE, duty free.		
Java	13	14½
St. Domingo	11	11½
Porto Rico	12	13
Cuba	11½	12½
Laguira	12½	13
Rio	11½	13
COTTON, duty 3 cts per lb.		
Louisiana	17	19
Mobile	16½	18½
N. Ala. and Tenn.	16	19
S. C. and Geo.	15½	19
N. C. and Va.	15½	19
FREIGHTS,		
To Pittsburgh, per canal 100 lbs.	1 12½	3 00
FLOUR and MEAL,		
Superfine..bbl.	6 25	
Fine		6 00
Rye		4 00
Middling		
Corn meal		4 00
do. in hhds.		19 00
GRAIN,		
Rye Pa.	84	85
Rye Southern	84	85
Wheat Pa.	1 28	1 30
do South bush.	1 28	1 30
Corn L. C. white	90	93
do. L. C. yellow	90	92
do. U.C. round	1 00	1 02
Oats Pa.	40	41
Southern	38	41
Barley Eastern		
do....Pa	75	80
HOPS,		
1st sort, 1835..lbs.	16	18
MOLASSES,		
New Orleans		

Sugar-house	47	48
do. N. York	49	50
do. Philada.	44	48
do. Steam	48	50
Trinidad	32	34
Porto Rico	30	34
Eng. French Isl.	28	31
Hav. & Matanzas		
MACKEREL,		
No. 1..bbl.	8 50	
No. 2	7 50	
No. 3		5 50
OIL,		
Linseed, Am. from store	90	95
do. Dutch		
Whale..gal.		43½
Sperm. winter	1 05	1 10
do. summer	95	1 00
PLASTER PARIS,		
In DePere ton		3 00
In Schuylkill	3 00	3 25
SEEDS,		
Clover..bush.	4 00	5 25
Flaxseed rough	1 60	1 65
do. clean cask		
Timothy..bbl.	1 75	3 00
Herds..bush.		
Orchard grass	2 00	
WHISKEY,		
Rye in bbls.		39½
do. in hhds.	38	39
do. from wagons	37	
WOOL,		
Prime Saxony fleece lb.	70	75
Am. wash. ful bl'd.	60	67½
do. ¾ blood	55	57½
do. ½ blood	50	52
do. ¼ and com.	42½	47½
Am unw'sh. ful bl'd.	27	30
do. ¾ blood	24	27
do. ½ blood	22	25
do. ¼ and com.	20	22
Sup'r. pulld lambs.	32	36
No. 1..do	44	47
No. 2..do	35	37½
No. 3..do	25	30
Sup. sheep, R.F. & S.		
do lambs.		

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Novemb'r 21, 1835.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement respecting certain valuable property in Bethlehem, Pa. To men of industry and enterprise, acquainted with the business of hotel keeping, a rare opportunity for realising an extensive business, is therein offered.

In case of a war with France, Philadelphia would stand in a very precarious situation. There is not a single mounted gun on the river. Fort Mifflin was dismantled long since, and Fort Delaware, in 1833, was destroyed by fire, and is now a mass of ruins.—This state of things imperatively calls on Congress to make an early appropriation for our protection.

THE DWARFS.

The Virginia Dwarfs have returned to this city, and may be seen for a short time, at the Philadelphia Museum. There are four of these odd little beings, brothers and sisters,—the oldest being twenty-five years of age, and only three feet six inches high. The youngest is eight years old, and weighs *twenty-one* pounds. They form an interesting group, and are quite intelligent and agreeable.

A reward of $3,000 is offered in the New Orleans papers, for the apprehension of Dudley W. Babcock, late Cashier of the Union Bank at Clinton, who has absconded with funds of the Institution to the amount of about $30,000.

The regular publication of Waldie's Octavo Library, will be commenced in January. Each number will contain 24 large octavo pages, besides the cover, making two annual volumes of 624 pages each. Price for the whole $5.

A great variety of rumors are afloat respecting the state of our relations with France, but as none of them seem to be sustained by established facts, we have not deemed it essential to refer particularly to the subject. Some editors allege that King Phillippe has refused to pay the first instalment of the money due the United States, because the President has offered no apology for the harsh terms in his message; while others contend that the money has never been demanded, and that the King is entirely satisfied with the explanations given in Mr. Livingston's last letter.

The whole subject will undoubtedly occupy a conspicuous place in the President's message, which we shall receive in about two weeks, when the facts of the case will be officially made known.

The great chain of Rail-road, designed to connect New York city with Lake Erie, has already been commenced, ground having been broken on the 7th instant, in the village of Deposit, on the Delaware river. On the day previous forty miles of the work, embracing, it is believed, the most expensive part of the whole line, were put under contract, at the rate of $8,500 per mile. The Board of Managers appear determined to push this enterprise forward with all possible despatch, and if Pennsylvania is not a good deal more enterprising than she has been of late, this great work, which will give New York a double connection with Lake Erie, will be finished before we have a single line in operation.

An Affecting Incident.—The New York Transcript states that a very affecting scene took place in the Court of Sessions of that city, on Saturday afternoon last, while the Recorder was passing sentence upon different persons, who had been convicted during the term. The young wife of Silas Smith, (convicted of forgery in the third degree, and adjudged to be imprisoned in Sing Sing for two years and a half,) who had been married to the unfortunate man only about three weeks, went to the cage after he was sentenced, and, sobbing and heart-broken with grief, stood kissing him through the iron grate which separated them until they were forcibly parted by officers in attendance. Scoundrel as he was, she had plighted to him her faith and her affections, and, with the enduring constancy which characterises a woman's love, her feelings were unchanged even by the felon's brand which was marked upon the object of her fond devotion. When torn away from him, it was with difficulty that she could be prevented from fainting, and she left the court to sorrow over the miserable fate of the man she had hoped long to have lived with in happiness and joy—and, peradventure, become the victim of her wretchedness and grief.

Baltimore and Ohio Rail-road.—The receipts on this road, during the year ending on the 30th September, were as follows:

For passengers,	$93,540 22
For tonnage,	169,827 88
Total,	$263,368 10
The expenses have been	156,204 39
Leaving the net revenue,	$109,163 71

The receipts of the preceding year, were $205,436 58, showing a difference in favor of the present, of $57,931 52. The number of passengers conveyed on the entire route during the year, has been 97,758. The total amount of tonnage 72,634 tons. There are now in actual service upon the road, 7 locomotive engines; 1030 burden cars on 4 wheels; 48 burden cars on 8 wheels; 44 passenger cars, of which 25 are on 8 wheels, the rest on 4 wheels.

The editors of Boston are the most lucky chaps in the world; at least we may safely infer such to be the case, after noticing the manner in which they are uniformly treated by their fellow citizens. Scarcely a week passes but one of them returns thanks for a present of a big pumpkin, a handsome codfish, or a keg of molasses, and each seems to vie with the other in doing the "genteel thing" in a nicely pointed paragraph. Besides this, all of them have free admission to all places of amusement, and in all stages and steamboats, and as if these favors were not sufficient to prove their importance to society, a whole batch of them have recently been elected members of the legislature. Those thus honored are, Buckingham, of the Courier, Sargent of the Atlas, Walter of the Transcript, Fessenden of the Farmer, and Whilden, of the Bunker Hill Aurora—all good men and true, we doubt not who will lack neither zeal nor efficiency in serving their constituents.

TEXAS.

This beautiful country has probably, by this time, become the scene of a bloody war. Late reports speak of an engagement between the Mexican and Texian forces, which resulted in the defeat of the former, and the capture of 300 stand of arms, and $10,000 worth of provisions. Gen. Houston, formerly Governor of Tennessee, is reported to have been elected commander in chief of the military forces of the Texians.

Much sympathy for the Texians—a large portion of whom are emigrants from the United States—and great anxiety for their success in the present contest, have been expressed in various cities of the Union.—Several corps of volunteers and a considerable amount of money, have been raised for the cause. A recent public meeting in New Orleans, is represented to have been distinguished by great enthusiasm in behalf of the Revolutionists. A Mr. Fisher, who had been exiled from Mexico, for having made some free remarks upon passing events in a newspaper which he conducted at Matamoras, made an address. He stated that there are three parties now in Mexico, one composed of the clergy and military, who are for a consolidated government under a triumvirate form, with Santa Anna, Bravo, and Lucius Alaman at its head—another composed of liberals who desired to retain the federal republic, as fixed by the constitution of 1824—and a third in favor of a monarchy, and for placing a scion of the house of Bourbon on the throne of Mexico.—He stated that the aristocratic party are resolved to subjugate Texas at all hazards, and to expel all Americans from that State, and that the liberal party are as firmly resolved to sustain the Texians, if they sustain the constitution of 1824—which is now the pivot of the contending parties. If Texas prove victorious, then republicanism will triumph in Mexico—but if Texas be worsted, then a despotic rule will be substituted. He also entered into particulars concerning the present invasion into Texas, and showed that it has long been contemplated by Santo Anna.

Meetings have since been held in Boston and in New York, and subscriptions raised for the Texians. In Boston, our old friend Major Norton, who emigrated to Texas a year or two since, has been very busily engaged in enlisting the co-operation of the citizens in the cause. In this city there has been no public movement in relation to the subject.

The rail-road mania seems to prevail very generally in the southern states, and the prospect at present is, that we of the north, who take to ourselves great pride for zeal and enterprise in public improvements, will very shortly be far outstripped in works of this character. A very short time has elapsed since we spoke of the project to connect Tennessee and Louisiana—a work now actually commenced—and we are now called upon to notice another improvement still more gigantic, viz. the construction of a rail-road to connect the cities of Charleston, S. C. and Cincinnati, Ohio. This matter has been taken in hand in good earnest, by leading inhabitants of both cities, and the probability is strong that it will be vigorously pursued. At a recent public meeting in Charleston, the following propositions were submitted by a committee:

"1st. That it is essential to the prosperity of the Southern and Western States, and the full developement of their resources, that they should be connected together by a Rail Road, extending from the Ohio River to the Atlantic.

2d. That such a highway, would lay open an extensive region to the North and West, which is now cut off from all commercial intercourse with the South, and thereby open a door to a trade, the extent and value of which, it is impossible for the most ardent imagination, even to conceive.

3d. That such a work is practicable, and can probably be effected in a few years, and within the means of the States through which it must pass.

4th. That the most practicable, and the cheapest, as well as the shortest route, with regard both to distance and time, must be one which shall be connected at some point with the Charleston and Augusta Rail Road, and which must, therefore, terminate at *Charleston.*"

The completion of this work will be greatly facilitated by the Charleston and Hamburg rail-road, already constructed, which may be included in the general route. It extends to Hamburg, opposite Augusta, on the Savannah river, a distance of one hundred and thirty-six miles. At the other end of the route, a railway is about to be undertaken between Cincinnati, and Paris, Ky. ninety miles in extent, which will leave about five hundred miles to be made, to complete the whole chain.

This is a truly magnificent project, and one which, if we may judge from the growing greatness of the western and south western states, cannot fail to pay well.

Abolition of Capital Punishment.—The good example of Massachusetts, in abolishing the unnatural and revengeful punishment of death, has been followed by the legislature of Maine. A committee of that body made a detailed report on the subject last winter, and submitted the following propositions as the result of their investigations.

1st.—Capital Punishments are not enjoined upon us in Scripture, so as to impose an obligation for their continuance.

2d.—The Spirit of the Gospel most clearly forbids the infliction of any punishment having its foundation in a spirit of revenge.

3d.—Government has no moral right to take life, unless it be very clear that the public safety imperiously demands it.

4th.—The public safety in this State does not demand the taking of life in time of peace, and hence we have no moral right to do it.

This report led to the introduction and subsequent adoption of a bill abolishing capital punishment, or legalised murder, and substituting in lieu thereof imprisonment for life at hard labour. The second section of the act contains the annexed wholesome provisions:

That when any person shall hereafter be convicted of any crime punishable with imprisonment for life, all contracts of whatever nature to which the person so convicted shall be a party, shall be affected, changed, or annulled, in the same manner as they severally would have been by the death of the person so convicted. The bonds of matrimony between the husband and the wife, as the case may be, and the person so convicted, shall be dissolved; the person so convicted shall cease to have any title to, or interest in his own estate real and personal, and the same shall be treated, be disposed of, and descend, in all respects as if his actual death had taken place on the day when he was convicted as aforesaid; and all power and authority of whatever nature, which he might lawfully have, or exercise over any other person or persons, shall, from and after his conviction as aforesaid, cease and determine as if he were dead.

HARRISBURG PAPERS.

During the approaching winter it is probable that some of our city friends may be disposed to subscribe for a newspaper printed at Harrisburg, in order to obtain a more full account of the proceedings of the Legislature, than is usually furnished in the Philadelphia papers. The Harrisburg papers received at this office are, the Pennsylvania Intelligencer, and the State Journal.

THE INTELLIGENCER,

Is published by Henry K. Strong, who will probably give a warm support to the administration of the new Governor, Joseph Ritner, and who is a zealous advocate of the claims of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, for the Presidency. The Intelligencer was the first paper in the state that "broke ground" for Harrison. During the session of the Legislature, it will furnish full reports of the debates and proceedings in the legislature, and also of the doings of the Presidential conventions, which are to assemble at Harrisburg, during the winter. Terms $3 per year, or $2 for the session only.

THE STATE JOURNAL.

Supports Mr. Van Buren for President, and R. M. Johnson for Vice President. During the late gubernatorial contest, it advocated the claims of Mr. Muhlenburg. Full reports of the proceedings of the Legislature are promised during the winter, and the editors will probably keep a very sharp eye on the doings of the antimasons, being politically opposed to the principles of the antimasonic party. The publishers are Messrs. Crabb & Barrett. The terms of the State Journal are the same as those of the Intelligencer—$2 for the session, or $3 for the whole year.

COMMUNICATION.

It is as small a return as could be made for a display of kindness and attention, that individuals can make—to express by a method of this kind the grateful sentiments necessarily entertained on account of such accommodating and in all respects generous conduct. *The Opposition Line* of steamboats plying between Baltimore and Richmond, Va., seems disposed to make and actually does make accommodations, the most generous for all who patronize it. The writer is himself, a participant of this kind and generous treatment and most cordially does he unite with the other passengers who have witnessed it, in expressing unqualified approbation of the gentlemanly and nobly generous spirit of Capt. Hoe, and proprietor Smith, of the steamer *Champion*, on the occasion of a late tempestuous passage up the Chesapeake Bay. It is well to notice and applaud noble behaviour like this, that other Captains may be incited and encouraged to "go and do likewise." VIRGINIENSIS.

THE CAPITOL.

It is expected that Washington, during the approaching winter, will be unusually brilliant, in the congregation of the beauty and fashion of the country. The facilities for reaching the metropolis having been greatly increased during the past season, by the formation of numerous rail-roads, and especially by the completion of that between Baltimore and Washington, it is reasonable to suppose that the number of visiters will be very great. Very important changes have been made in the capitol since the last session of Congress, calculated in a very material degree, as we learn by the Georgetown Metropolitan, to promote the convenience of those who are desirous of listening to the Congressional debates. The Metropolitan furnishes the annexed article on the subject.

The Capitol.—The preparations for the reception of the Twenty-fourth Congress have been for some time in active progress, in our great national palace. The painters have done their work, and the cleaners-up are following on their footsteps. Our visiters of the approaching season will not find every thing exactly in the *statu quo* of the last. In the House we have not observed any material changes; in the Senate Chamber they will find a few very salutary reforms. In the first place for the sake of the public interests we are happy, and for the sake of the ladies' pleasure we are sorry to say, that our fair politicians who take such delight in drinking the flow of Senatorial eloquence, are to be *reformed* off from the floor of the Chamber, and transferred to the semi circular gallery over head. Whether this is to be attributed to the annoyance of which the Senators used to suffer the unsparing infliction of being summoned away from their occupations at their desks, to play the gallant to their fair friends, by whose presence just behind their backs their gallantry seemed to be irresistibly challenged, or whether it was thought that the immediate presence of such potent influences might dangerously affect the clearness of head requisite to their legislative duties, or whether they thought that it was more appropriate that such heavenly influences should shed themselves, star-like, from above,—we cannot say: certain however the fact is, that the 'horse-shoe,' in times past so beautiful in its crowded brilliancy, is henceforth to present the sight of nothing better than an occasional *diplomate* or *distingue.* To compensate to the ladies thus politely bowed out, the gallery above has been handsomely fitted up. Every thing is new: a range of luxurious sofa seats runs round it; behind which is a covered bench attached to the wall for accommodating, we presume, the *cavalieri serventi.* The pillars and railing are newly bronzed, and a rich crimson drapery will shed its favorable lights on the complexions. A door is to be opened by which immediate access can be had to the Ladies' Gallery from the north end of the building. The splendid new imported drapery for the walls, so much talked of last winter, does not appear; it was found so damaged on its arrival as to be useless. The old faded silk is replaced by very handsome damask, of a darker shade, inclining to a lead color, and corresponding well with the pillars of the Chamber.—The reporters' gallery is entirely thrown open for gentlemen, and raised desks for the reporters are put on the floor, at the two extremities of the Horse-shoe, immediately behind Messrs. Clay and Benton respectively—so that not a syllable falling from those gentlemen will be lost. In the Rotunda the statue of Jefferson no longer stands, like an uninvited and unwelcomed guest, and as if unconscious of its equivocal situation, slinking by the wall, but by order of the President has been placed on a temporary pedestal, of marble-painted wood, a little westward from the centre. If it is to be finally accepted we hope that it will not be left in a situation in which the light shed from directly above, throws the face into one undistinguishable shadow, and entirely destroys the effect of the whole statue. The light from overhead is ruinous to marble statuary, to bronze doubly so. Persico's figures stand their exposure—such as it is—very well; a slight imperfection, however, which we did not observe before, shows itself on one of the cheeks of the statue of Peace.

Culture of Silk.—Mr. W. G. Comstock, of Hartford, Conn. is about to publish "a practical treatise on the Culture of Silk, adapted to the soil and climate of the United States, by F. G. Comstock, secretary of the Hartford County Silk Society, and editor of the Silk Culturist." The work will be published in a duodecimo of 100 pages, price 50 cents. A part of the edition will be put up in elastic covers, to be forwarded by mail. The advertisement of the publisher states:

The interest in all parts of the United States in the Culture and Manufacture of Silk, manifested by the constant calls for information on the subject, has induced the publisher to have prepared a plain *Practical Treatise* on the Cultivation of the Mulberry and rearing Silk Worms, adapted to the Soil and Climate of this country and to the wants of plain practical men. The Practical Culturist of this country needs a directory adapted to the Soil on which he plants his trees, and the Climate on which he rears his worms, without reference to Soils and Climates less congenial to their growth. It has been therefore the object of the author to make a treatise strictly practical, omitting nothing of importance to the Culturist, and adding nothing of a useless or extraneous character. As making the raw material into *Sewing Silk* and *Twist* is very profitable to the Silk Grower, all necessary information for that purpose will be given.

Huzza for Uncle Sam.—The Cincinnati Post, of the 7th inst. acknowledges the receipt of a cannister of fresh Oysters, in five days from Baltimore, being two days ahead of the U. S. Mail. This is said to be the second instance, in a very short time, in which the mail has been beaten by an *Oyster Wagon!*

CONGRESS PEN.

A metallic pen, designated the Congress Pen, manufactured by Joseph Gillott, exclusively for Mr. T. T. Ash, Chesnut street, appears to us, from the trial we have made of its quality, to be a superior article, both as regards its adaptation to immediate service and durability. The point is flexible, and it sheds the ink very freely, giving a clear, feint, and an even and smooth heavy line. We recommend our friends to give this pen a trial.

Mons. Adrian's Great Trick Exploded.—By reference to M'Makin's N. L. News Book, of Nov. 18 it will be seen that Mons. Adrian's great and mysterious feat, of causing a lady to disappear, by magic, has been discovered, and is fully and clearly explained on the books. Should we copy it, Mons. A's exhibitions would not be so profitable in other cities as they have been here.

THEATRICAL.

Chesnut Street Theatre.—Mr. Balls, the celebrated light comedian from Europe, made his first appearance, in this city, on Monday, in the characters of *Vapid* and the three *Singles*, and was favorably received by a full house. Mr. Balls, is a light, easy and graceful performer, with a pleasing appearance, a great fund of good humour, and many other requisites for a popular actor. He has since appeared as Governor Col. Freelove, Jeremy Diddler, Rover, Splash, and other favorite characters, in all which he has fully sustained his high reputation. We presume his engagement will not close before the end of next week.

Mademoiselle Celeste completed her engagement in this city, on Saturday night last, and performed at the Bowery, N. Y. on Monday. Her success in this country has been truly astonishing, her receipts having been in New York $22,000; Boston $13,500; Philadelphia $8,500; Baltimore $3,500; Montreal $1000; Quebec $600; Albany $130. Total $50,630. In a few days, she will proceed to New Orleans and Mobile, where she will receive nine thousand dollars for six weeks performance. There is no doubt that if she remains here another year, she will realize altogether upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

Walnut Street Theatre.—Mr. Addams is playing at this Theatre with his usual success. An evident improvement in his acting is perceptible, and his popularity is rising rapidly. Mr. Hackett, the Yankee comedian, appeared on Wednesday evening, in three of his favorite characters.

Mrs. Drake is performing in Cincinnati, Ohio, before rather shabby audiences, if the statements of the Cincinnati Post, in regard to their behaviour, be true. The editor says:

We entered the pit of our Theatre night before last, the better to observe the scene between Julia and Clifford, in the Hunchback, and as we stood leaning against the wall we felt a something descending upon our head, which fell over us in dusty fragments emitting an unwholesome odour." We gazed up and beheld the legs of two *gentlemen* in the upper tiers protruding over our heads, like a roosting place for chickens, and as one of them cracked his heels together, he loosened the dirt from his uncleaned boots, and it descended upon us. Why is our Theatre not supplied with mats, that gentlemen may wipe their boots on entering? Last night during the most interesting part of "The Wife," while Mrs. Drake, as Marianne, was defending herself to her husband from the imputations of his cousin, we chanced to cast our eyes "in front," and beheld sitting in the *dress-circle*, a gentleman and lady, he with his head resting upon the front of the box, she with her arm affectionately entwined around his neck, he pressing her hand to his lips, she bending fondly over him, and thus our attention was divided between the affectionate scene on the stage, and one equally affecting and affectionate 'in front.' Why is not our Theatre furnished with private boxes for lovers to *bill and coo* in? Again we saw a gentleman while the curtain was down, part the skirts of his coat, and sit upon the front of the box with his back to the audience, and his feet on the seats, while he conversed with a lady who stood beside him.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. Brough, are still at the Park, N. Y. A new opera by Bellini, called "La Somnambula," in which they perform the principal characters, has lately been produced. It is said to be better than any opera that has been performed for many years.

Fay's new novel, "Norman Leslie," has been dramatised for the Bowery. Hamblin plays Norman.—Two debutants, a lady and gentleman, lately appeared at the Franklin, and made a dead failure.

PAINFUL OCCURRENCE.

A few evenings since, a young gentleman, the son of one of our most respectable citizens, came into the saloon of a foreign Coffee House in Broadway, and watching his opportunity, while the bar-keeper was otherwise engaged, very deliberately stretched himself over the counter, pulled open the money drawer, and abstracted from it a quantity of silver change, amounting to about sixteen shillings. Thinking that he had possessed himself of his booty unobserved, he called for three plates of Sardines and other refreshments, for himself and two friends who had just entered the room; having ate and drank sufficiently, the young pilferer impudently tendered in payment a dollar of the stolen money. The master of the house examined the dollar and then the contents of the money drawer, and turning to the culprit, asked him how he became possessed of that piece. Overwhelmed with confusion at the unexpected question, he attempted to stammer out a reply. The benevolent landlord unwilling to expose him in a crowded coffee room, invited him into an adjoining apartment, and then delivered the following exhortation to the trembling criminal, which it is hoped will have a salutary effect on him. "You thought yourself unnoticed when you opened my drawer and stole my money, but you were mistaken, I saw you, and intended if you left the house to follow you into the street and recover my property; but when you called for refreshment for yourself and the other young men, I was resolved upon seeing how far your impudence would carry you. I have no fear but that you will call again and pay me for what you have had. Now give me back that which you took out of the drawer, and go home in peace, and when you retire to rest, reflect upon your bad conduct, and think how near you were bringing disgrace upon your respectable family." Happy to escape so easily, the young fellow restored back the money, and without uttering a word in reply, left the house as quickly as possible.—*N. Y. Courier.*

RHODE ISLAND SILK COMPANY.

This Company, which was late the 'Valentine Silk Co.' was incorporated at the recent session of the Rhode Island Legislature, with a capital of $100,000. Their factory is situated upon Eddy st. the next building to the old glass house. The machinery, with which it is nearly filled, is propelled by a six horse power steam engine. The steam is generated with the siftings of anthracite coal, at an expense of 33 cents per day. This, till recently, useless and refuse portion of the coal is ignited and rendered about as valuable as any other, by the aid of Reynold's patent blowing apparatus. While preparing their machinery and instructing their operatives in the art, they have manufactured from 16 to 1800 yards of rich heavy goods. The number of hands has recently been very much increased, and with the additional power looms about to be put in, the company contemplate making from three hundred to four hundred yards of goods per week. Of course, as there is no domestic supply, they are compelled to manufacture foreign silk. Another year, however, they will probably derive a considerable amount of the raw material from their own plantation. This plantation is on the western border of the city, and consists of thirty-six acres of land particularly well adapted to the growth of the mulberry tree, and is already in a high state of cultivation. Upon it there is a large well finished two story house, and a barn and granary—a cocoonery 150 feet long, built last spring, and about 1600 mulberry trees of very vigorous growth, most of which are five years old, and the remainder four. From these trees it is estimated that an average amount of at least 2000 pounds of wound silk may be produced per year, for the next five years, or two ounces to a tree—and for the succeeding five years double the amount. This is a moderate estimate, compared with the one made by the Boston Company, and indeed, compared with the results of experience, of those who have been engaged in growing silk in Connecticut for many years. The company are about putting out 40,000 more trees, of three years' growth, in hedges, after the Italian mode. There, it is estimated, will yield an average rate of one ounce of wound silk to a tree per year for the next five years, or 2500 pounds per year. The total product of the farm in silk, according to this estimate, would be worth, at four dollars per pound, $18,000. One half of this amount is allowed for attendance upon the cocooneries and winding the silk into a marketable state, leaving a nett profit of $9,000. In addition to this ought to be reckoned the value of the crops of corn and potatoes which the best condition of the trees will require should be planted among them. With a liberal application of fish, which abound as manure within less than a mile of the farm, it may beyond doubt, be rendered much more productive than, in the above calculation, is anticipated, and by planting in hedge rows 100,000 more trees, which it is competent to sustain, it would of course yield a manifold increase of silk. On one side of the farm is a beautiful pond from which the trees may be watered, by the aid of a force pump, in any period of drought.

The whole establishment of this Company is now in fine order, and is judiciously located and well arranged for the purpose of exhibiting to our farmers and manufacturers the mode of operating this important branch of business. The soil of Rhode Island is well adapted to the growth of the Mulberry tree, and the very borders of the roads may be appropriated to this use.—There can hardly be a limit assigned to the amount of wealth, which would accrue to this State, should its population be generally engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of silk.—*Prov. Jour.*

COMMUNICATED.

From the United States Gazette.

Mr. Chandler.—There is no truth more fully established than this, that a correct knowledge of Book-keeping is absolutely essential for the right prosecution of mercantile transactions, yet strange as it may appear, very few are thoroughly conversant with this science. No part of the education of our young men is more necessary, yet none more strangely neglected—or artificially attended to. This too is a source of general complaint and vexation among our men of business—I therefore beg to call the attention of those anxious to acquire a *practical* knowledge of Book-keeping, and to fit themselves for the duties of the Counting Room,—to the school kept for this purpose by Mr. R. Megonegal, at the south west corner of Race and Sixth streets, in this city. This gentleman, I may assert, without being chargeable with either duplicity or flattery—is eminently competent to impart full and correct instructions in this highly important branch of mercantile education. His system is the best possible plan on which a set of books can be kept, his manner of communicating this knowledge is easy, plain and clear, and it may be affirmed that any person of ordinary capacity, may, in a short period of time, fully qualify himself to take charge of the books of any concern in our city, however complex or extensive; and discharge his duties satisfactorily and with correctness. This brief testimony to the merits of Mr. Megonegal, as a teacher of Book-keeping, is dictated by no desire to *puff* into notice, one unacquainted with his calling, but simply, for the benefit of our young men and merchants—and from experimental knowledge, to "render praise to whom praise is due." *Let any one go*, and from actual experience, I am satisfied they will bear witness in favour of the truth of every word of the above communication.—M. nov. 21—1t*

COMMUNICATION.

A young lad, by the name of EDWIN KRAMER, aged about 13 years, left the residence of his father, in Bedminster township, Bucks county, on the 3d inst.—Had on when he went away, a blue domestic summer roundabout and trowsers, new fur hat—he is very tall of his age—pale complexion, sandy hair, speaks German only—he had with him a small bundle, and was seen in the neighbourhood of the city. Fears are entertained that he has been kidnapped. Any person giving any information of said boy, will remove a heavy burthen from the hearts of his distressed parents and sisters, at No. 176 Coates street, N. Liberties.

HANNAH KRAMER.

Editors throughout the state, will oblige the distressed family by giving the above an insertion.

Melancholy Accident.—On Saturday about noon, a number of lads were shooting at targets, in the neighbourhood of Seventh street and Poplar lane, when a ball from one of their *guns*, struck the head of a child named John Higham, aged about eight years, son of Mr. Joseph Higham. The skull of the child was fractured, he ran a short distance and fell down—calling loudly upon his mother, Dr. J. Elkinton was immediately sent for—but the little sufferer died in about half an hour.

The Coroner summoned a jury, who made diligent enquiry, during the afternoon and evening, as to the cause of the child's death. It appears that this assembly of persons and discharge of fire-arms, in the neighbourhood, is of frequent occurrence, and the jury returned a verdict that the said John Higham came to his death in Poplar lane, between Seventh and Eighth streets, by injury caused by a ball fired from a gun, by some lad, whilst shooting at a target in an adjoining lot; and that it was done unintentionally. The jury present the conduct of the lads as reprehensible, and in violation of the laws; and also as an insufferable nuisance; the practice of which, by the evidence before them, has existed for some time.

SALES OF STOCKS,

At the Stock and Exchange Board of Brokers.

				par value.
160 shares	United States Bank,		111a111¼	100
17 do.	Commercial Bank,		67¼	50
71 do.	Girard Bank,		64	50
3 do.	Farm. & Mech. Bank,		67a67¼	50
4 do.	Bank of N. America,		456	400
1 do.	Philadelphia Bank,		110¼	100
65 do.	Western Bank,		56¼	50
250 do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,		106¼a107¼	100
303 do.	Kentucky Bank,		46¼a47	50
350 do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,		55¼	50
117 do.	Planters' Bank, Miss.		125	100
625 do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,		30a30¼	30
50 do.	Mech. Bank Baltimore,		30¼	30
23 do.	Union Bank Tenn.		64¼a64½	50
86 do.	Agricultural Bank Miss.		124¼	100
250 do.	Grand Gulf Bank,		107	100
5 do.	Wheeling Bank,		103¼	100
250 do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,		34	30
5 do.	Mec. & Traders B'nk. N. O.		52	50
5 do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.		79¼	50
4416 do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,		96¼a102¼	100
673 do.	Norristown Rail Road,		52¼	50
27 do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.		138¼	50
2 do.	Pennsylvania Insurance Co.		490	400
325 do.	New Castle Rail Road,		35¼a36¼	25
100 do.	North American Bank,		456	400
100 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.		145	100
5 do.	Chesapeake & Del. Canal,		40a40¼	200
50 do.	West Philad. Rail Road,		12¼	15
$3600	State, 5 per cents,	1863	110¼	100
$3000	Lehigh Loan, do.	1843	97	100
$350	State, 5 per cents,	1853	106¼	100
$1426	do. do.	1854	106¼	100
$2000	Lehigh Loan, 6 per cent.	1843	96¼	100

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Nov. 13, received from		Sam'l Peirce, Esq.	2 00
W. A. Rossborough, esq.	2 00	J. W. Pegram,	5 00
Wm. L. Post, Esq.	2 00	Hercules Steel,	13 00
W. Hanks, Esq.	2 00	Sam'l Griggs,	5 00
C. Hawley, Esq.	5 00	Justus Chollar,	10 00
D. G. Center, Esq.	3 00	*November 17.*	
Wm. Root, Esq.	6 00	Edmund Tyler, Esq.	5 00
David Acheson,	6 00	Rich'd M'Clure, Esq.	2 00
E. Fabin, Esq.	2 00	Jas. Herring, Esq.	5 00
November 14.		Jno. Gillgore, Esq.	5 00
Jno. Dunlap, Esq.	2 00	D. H. Roy,	2 00
Josiah Bell, Esq.	5 00	Amasah Coy, nett,	2 50
J. M. Hadden, Esq.	2 00	*November 18.*	
L. J. White, Esq.	2 00	A. Munro, Esq.	10 00
Francis Sellers,	2 00	Jno. F. Alderson,	5 00
W. Stewart,	5 00	David L. Phares,	5 00
L. G. Taylor, nett,	3 44	Sam'l M. Kerr,	10 00
November 16.		D. H. Marshall,	15 00
E. N. Hascall, Esq.	5 00	*November 19.*	
W. Holleman, Esq.	15 00	P. P. Hubbell, Esq.	2 00
J. H. Sterling, Esq.	2 00	R. Buckman, Esq.	2 00
Peter Rawdon, Esq.	5 00	Jno. Wilkinson, Esq.	4 00
G. G. White, Esq.	2 00	Nestor H. Forbes,	13 00
David Dale, Esq.	2 00	Henry Barber,	20 00

Birds at Sea, seventy miles from Land.—The Charleston Mercury states that during the late gale at the south, whilst the schr. Laura, Captain Walker, was in about latitude 30, North and to the Eastward of the Gulf Stream, about 70 miles from land, she was visited by a very large number of land birds, which appeared to have been blown off by the wind, and blowing very hard from North to Northwest.—Many were swept beyond the vessel, and in the endeavour to return on board, fell exhausted into the water and perished. A great number came on board, and were sheltered in the cabin.—77 were killed and eaten by the sailors. As near as can be recollected the following birds were identified:—red-headed Woodpeckers, Reed Birds, Mocking Birds, Blue Jays, Stone Plovers, large Blue Herons, and Night Herons. They remained with the vessel until the gale abated, when such as were able, took their departure for the land. At the same time immense flocks of wild geese were seen flying over, some of which manifested a disposition to alight on the rigging.

Chesnut Street Theatre.

MAD. CELESTE! for This Night Only!!

Saturday Evening, November 21st, 1835,

Will be presented the National Drama of the

WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH.

HOPE GOUH, NARAMATTAH,	MADEMOISELLE CELESTE.

To conclude with the very popular Drama of

THE FRENCH SPY!!!

Mathilde de Merie, Henri St. Alme, Hamet Carmanly,	MADEMOISELLE CELESTE

Monday, Mr. Balls as Tangent, in the Way to get Married.

AMERICAN THEATRE, WALNUT STREET.

Saturday Evening, November 21st, 1835,

Will be presented Shakespear's Tragedy of

RICHARD THE THIRD.

RICHARD,..............................MR. ADDAMS.

After which, 1st time, a new Drama, called

BLACK ANGUS OF THE EVIL EYE.

Black Angus, ...Mr. Reed.

A New Tragedy, written expressly for Mr. Addams will shortly be produced.

PHRENOLOGY.

A COURSE of Lectures on Phrenology, will be given by [illegible], at the Franklin Institute, South 7th st. between Market and Chesnut st. The first will be delivered on Thursday evening, November 26, at 7 o'clock;—the second, on the Friday Evening. Paintings, engravings, casts, skulls and brains, will be exhibited in demonstration the principles of the science.

Since the visit of Dr. Spurzheim to this country, the science of Phrenology has assumed an interesting aspect, and intelligent men, of every class, have become engaged in the investigation of it. This course of Lectures is proposed with a view to facilitate free and general inquiry into the truths and objects of Phrenology—to point out the different organs that manifest the various faculties of the mind, with their full analysis—to ascertain its bearings upon the physical, moral and intellectual condition of man.

"I speak literally, and in sincerity, when I say, that were I at this moment offered the wealth of India, on condition of Phrenology being blotted from my mind for ever, I would scorn the gift; nay, were every thing I possess in the world placed in one hand, and Phrenology in the other, and ordered for me to choose one, Phrenology, without a moment's hesitation, would be preferred."—*George Combe, Esq. of Edinburgh.*

The course will consist of about ten or twelve Lectures, 2 a week, to be given on Thursday and Friday Evenings.

Admission, 12½ cents for each Lecture. nov 21—3t*

Henry H. Horne,

Proprietor of the Black Bear Inn, South Fifth st. near Market Street,

RETURNS his thanks for the patronage he has for a long period received from his friends and a liberal public, and also informs them that he has made many additions, and considerably improved his establishment, by which improvement he is enabled to accommodate a much larger number of guests than heretofore.

H. H. H. trusts that his attention to the convenience and general accommodation of travellers and strangers, will ensure him a continuance of public patronage. nov 21—3m

Dyer's Choruses.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale by J. G. Auner, Bookseller, No. 331 Market st. a new and complete edition of Choruses, Solos, Duets and Recitatives, from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and other composers of the first eminence, arranged in Full Vocal Score, and interspersed with Notes and Explanatory Remarks, by Samuel Dyer. Also published, and for sale as above, Dyer's Anthems, Dyer's Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Dyer's Selections of Favourite Melodies, Duets, &c. nov 21—3t

To Druggists & Pharmacians.

THE whole concern of a valuable manufacture, will be sold very cheap, and the stock on hand will be given at a rate giving more than 100 per cent. profit to the purchaser. The capital required, or the purchase money, may not exceed $300 to $800, to be paid by instalments. No trouble required but to sell the ready made articles. Particulars will be given, on application to CHARLES ZOLDER, in letters left at the post office. nov 21—1t

Joseph G. Mitchell,

SURGEON DENTIST,

And Manufacturer of INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, No. 119 WOOD STREET, below Eighth, Philadelphia.

Refer to W. K. Brown, M. D.

G. W. M'Clellan, M. D.	H. Beal, M. D.
G. B. Pattison, M. D.	T. D. Mitchell, M. D.
L. D. Rodder, M. D.	J. M. Byran, M. D.

nov 21—3t

To the Public.

WE, the subscribers, having seen a printed circular from R. Hemming & Son, Redditch, England, Needle Manufacturers, charging James Walton, No. 12 Fetter Lane, of this city, with fraud and falsehood in vending needles, purporting to be their manufacture. We do hereby certify that said James Walton has not, in any instance, interfered in the sale of the counterfeit or genuine needles of the said R. Hemming & Son; but during the time that he has been engaged in the needle business, he has imported and vended only the manufacture of James Smith & Sons, bearing their own label, the quality of whose needles, on fair trial and increasing demand, we pronounce equal in quality to any ever made by R. Hemming & Son, and at not more than two thirds their prices—which circumstances entitle them to a decided preference, and may be viewed as a proof that the charge is without a shadow of foundation.

And we further assert, after several years personal acquaintance with Mr. James Walton, that we believe him to be an honest man, and a fair dealer, totally exempt from that monopolising and covetous disposition which is manifested in the unjust and unwarrantable attack made thus against the character and business of a person entitled to the patronage and esteem of this community. And as the authors of this imputation have caused the same to be extensively circulated, we unhesitatingly consider the act as deserving universal contempt. Philadelphia, U. S. Nov. 3d, 1835.

John Mussin & Co.	Philad'a	Philip Lotig & Son,	Baltim'e
John H. Curtis,	do.	James Devereux,	do.
Wm. Mustin,	do.	Lewis H. Wiggins,	do.
Jeremiah Turck,	do.	John Ford,	do.
James Rorsley,	do.	J. S. Culter,	do.
Anthony Mustin,	do.	Jacob Trust,	do.
John Shrving,	do.	Edward Ing,	do.
W. E. Orme,	Washing. city	J. W. Magie,	Alexandria
George Savage,	do.	John Muir,	do.
J. B. Morgan,	do.	Thomas Mount,	do.

nov 21—3t

PETER SIMPLE NOVELS,

At 37 1-2 Cents Each.

UNIFORM EDITION.

THE great and constantly increasing demand for the novels of Captain Marryatt has induced the subscriber to commence the publication of a new edition of his entire writings, in a new form and at a reduced price. Several of his works that have not yet appeared in this country, will be comprised in this series, which will, when completed, be the only uniform edition of his writings that has yet issued from the press.

The work will be published in semi-monthly numbers, at 37½ cts. per number. Each number complete in itself, and containing the whole of one of his works, equal to two Duodecimo volumes, a Title Page to each number.

The whole series will be complete in Eight Numbers, and will form a *Royal Octavo* volume containing *Nearly Twelve Hundred Pages for Three Dollars.*

List of Works to be comprised in this Edition.

Frank Mildmay, or the Naval Officer.	tures of a Midshipman.
Newton Foster, or the Merchant Service.	Jacob Faithful.
King's Own.	Pacha of Many Tales.
Peter Simple, or the adven-	Japhet in search of a Father.
	Naval & Military Sketches.

The first number will positively be issued early in January, and the whole will be completed by the last of April.

The work will be stereotyped, and any of the numbers can be had separate, if desired.

They will be sent by post to any part of the Union, so packed as to defy the friction of the mails. Postage under 100 miles, 1¼ cents per sheet, over 100 miles 2½ cents.

It is almost useless for the Subscriber to remark that this is the cheapest work ever offered. The simple fact of the number of pages being near twelve hundred, and the price only $3, speaks for itself. The public may look upon this as the commencement of an enterprize to furnish them with works of fiction by the most celebrated authors, printed in a beautiful manner, on fine paper, at a price that will at once defy competition, and place it in the power of every person to possess a library of novels at an extremely low rate. The advantage of transmission by mail, is one that will not be overlooked by non residents of large cities. The publisher thinks, and he presumes that the public will agree with him, that it is better to issue the works of each author in series, at a stated price, than to publish a continuous work at so much per annum, for by this arrangement, they may subscribe to the works of one author and reject another. Not being obliged to pay for that which they do not want.

Any person sending a ten dollar note will be entitled to four copies. Single subscription three dollars.

Subscribers to the Lady's Book, by sending a five dollar note, will be entitled to that work one year, and the novels.

Address LOUIS A. GODEY,

nov 21—tf No. 100 Walnut st. Philada.

GOULD'S STENOGRAPHY.

THIS little work, so deservedly popular throughout the United States, but for the last two years *out of print*, is again offered for sale by S. C. Atkinson of Philadelphia, who will be happy to supply it at wholesale to Booksellers and Country Merchants, also to his agents generally.

In commendation of this system, it is only necessary to say, that having been introduced and taught by Mr. Gould, personally, in most of the Colleges and Academies of the United States, and practiced by him in Congress, in various state Legislatures and numerous conventions and other public bodies, and passed through no less than a dozen editions, in the course of as many years, it has completely superceded the use of all others in the United States,—and to a very considerable extent in England.

It has been thought worthy of a place in the American edition of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, and has been favourably noticed by most of the public papers of our country. It will be supplied at $25 a hundred, $4 a dozen or 50 cents a single copy. oct 10—tf

NOVEMBER 1835.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
21 Saturday,	7 11	4 49	2 22	
22 Sunday,	7 11	4 49	2 14	D. H. M.
23 Monday,	7 12	4 48	3 [illegible]	
24 Tuesday,	7 13	4 47	5 1	
25 Wednesday,	7 14	4 46	6 [illegible]	Full 5 5 16
26 Thursday,	7 15	4 45	7 [illegible]	Last 13 9 47
27 Friday,	7 16	4 45	8 [illegible]	New 20 3 19
28 Saturday,	7 17	4 44	10 [illegible]	First 28 10 43

Saving Fund Society.—The Northern Liberty, Kensington and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society, receives deposites on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, from 7 o'clock, P. M. until 9, at their office, No. 320 North Third below Green street.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Keppler, Hyland B. Pennington, Jr. to Elida Ann, daughter of Miller Dunott, Esq. both of the city of Wilmington.

On Sunday evening, the 15th inst. in St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. John Hughes, Mr. John Mc Glinsey, to Miss Mary L. Amer, all of this city.

On Fifth-day, 12th inst. at Friends' Meeting House, in Trenton, N. J. Abel North, of this city, to Hannah Furman, daughter of George M. Furman, of Trenton.

On the morning of the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Ascencio Maria Pena, of Maracaibo, to Miss Rachael L. Reece, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. I. B. Ayars, Mr. Mark Pecker, to Catharine M. daughter of P. Lamarselle, of the Northern Liberties.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. J. W. James, S. Griffiths Fisher, to Esther, daughter of Mordecai Lewis.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, Mr. Theodore Thomson, to Miss Amelia Thomson.

On the 16th inst. in Christ Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, James West, to Anabella, daughter of the late Joseph Welsh, Esq.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 16th inst. Mr. Jordan N. Oliver, to Miss Catharine N. Henderson, all of Kensington.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 11th, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, George Roberts Smith, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Roberts, Esq.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. G. W. Bethune, W. H. Reed, to Martha, only daughter of James Mc Clure, Esq. all of this city.

On Monday morning, 16th inst. at St. Paul's church, N. York, by the Rev. Dr. Berrian, Mr. William Castle, to Miss Sarah Ann Moore, daughter of James A. Moore, Esq. all of New York.

On Saturday, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gout, Mr. A. Gallet, to Miss Constance Bazand, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John Davidson, of Marcus Hook, Pa. to Miss Mary Ann Hendrixson, of New Castle county, Delaware.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, Mr. John Prentis, Jr. of this city, to Miss Ellen Bemis, of Cambridge, Mass.

On Saturday evening, 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mead, Mr. Kennedy Sinclair, to Mrs. M'Gaffen, all of this city.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. William M. Robinson, to Miss Martha R. Tomlinson, all of this city.

In Weston, Mass. on Tuesday morning, 27th Oct. by the Rev. Mr. Hyde, Mr. Edwin C. Bates, formerly of Tennessee, to Miss Elizabeth H. daughter of Alpheus Bigelow, Jr. Esq. of Weston.

DEATHS.

On the 16th inst. Sarah G. Shriver, in the 7th year of her age.

On Wednesday evening, deeply regretted, in the 66th year of his age, David Caldwell, Esq.

On Saturday, 14th instant, John Hancock, aged 32 years, formerly of Boston.

On Saturday morning, 14th inst. Francis Domenick Vallee, of apoplexy, of France.

On Thursday, 12th inst. after a short but severe illness, Angelo Garabaldi, Esq. late Consul General for the Kingdom of Sardinia.

On Thursday morning, Miss Elizabeth Yates Cohen, aged 11 years and 5 months.

On the 16th inst. John Suter Bedlock, aged 8 years and 2 months.

On Monday morning, William S. son of James and Ann M'Donald aged 7 years.

On the 14th inst. near Doylestown, Pa. Mrs. Rachel Whitehead, widow of the late James E. Whitehead, Esq. in the 34th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, after a short illness, Louisa Corey, aged 15 months.

In Boston, Mrs. Amanda Ford, late of Philadelphia.

At New Orleans, on the morning of the 29th ult. Mr. Henry S. Agnew, aged 28 years, of New Orleans. It may perhaps be some consolation to his friends to hear that the best of attendance was rendered.

At Chicago, on the 25th ult. of bilious fever, William Dixon, Printer, late of Peoria, and formerly from Pennsylvania.

In Baltimore, suddenly, on the 23d ult. Dr. Samuel R. Lawyer, in the 39th year of his age, formerly of this city.

At Memphis, Tenn. on the 27th ult. of consumption, J. W. Vandegrift, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. Mary, wife of Richard Rush.

Henry Rautenkrantz, a native of Hamburg, was lost overboard, from on board brig Chipola, on the 28th September, 1835.

On Saturday, the 7th inst. at the residence of his son-in-law, Daniel South of Spring Garden, John Lamb, in the 76th year of his age.

On Wednesday, the 11th inst. of croup, Brockholst Cutting, infant son of George N. Diehl, aged 5 months.

On the 17th inst. Elizabeth Bethel, aged 74 years. Of whom it is proper to say, she made a peaceful exit, having endeavoured through a long life to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly," a blessed example to her contemporaries.

On Monday night, the 16th inst. Charles Edward, infant son of William B. Potts, aged 10 months.

In Mobile, on the 30th October, of bilious fever, Jas. Myers, in the 25th year of his age, of this city.

OBITUARY.

Died at his residence in Newgarden, Chester County, on the evening of the 4th inst. Francis Hobson, in the 68th year of his age. He was a member of the religious society of Friends and having settled in early life, lived and died on the patrimony inherited from his father. Mild in his deportment, and of unassuming manners, he was just without parsimony, benevolent without ostentation, and conducted his own affairs without interfering with those of his neighbour. As he was just in his intercourse with others, so was he void of offence towards all men, and his peaceable confiding disposition did not allow him to be offended at the conduct of others, hence he was never known to be involved in contention—His unobtrusive disposition kept him retired from the tumultuous excitement of political strife, nor permitted him to participate in the unhappy dissentions which have recently disturbed the once peaceable religious society of which he was a member. In the softer relations of husband and father, his conduct was ever marked by the most tender and affectionate regard for those to whom he stood related — thus without making any high pretensions to religious profession, he constantly attended to the practical duties of the christian to do justice—to love mercy—and to walk humbly with God. For many weeks before his decease he suffered severe bodily affliction without losing his hope or betraying his confidence in the redeeming power and goodness of the author of his soul's salvation, and although he sometimes had to experience deep spiritual exercise, yet we trust that he came at last to the joyful experience of having his day's work done in due season, and finally yielded up his soul to Him who gave it, with the happy assurance of entering into the fruition of eternal life in the paradise of God. We do not claim perfection for our departed friend, for he was mortal, but we do confidently recommend him as a worthy example to many, even of those whose renown in this world, and whose high professions may as far exceed his, as the meridian splendour of an unclouded sun exceeds the faint glimmerings of a twinkling star.

Mark the perfect man—and behold the upright—for the end of that man is peace.

Valuable Tavern Property,

At Bethlehem, Pa. TO LET.

PROPOSALS will be received until the Fourth day of December next inclusive, by the the subscriber, for renting either of the following valuable and extensive establishments, for a term of one or more years, viz:

No. 1.—THE SUN HOTEL,

Situate in the upper part of the town, now in the occupancy of George Atherton.

No. 2.—THE EAGLE HOTEL,

Pleasantly situated in the center of the town, now in the occupancy of Samuel Ziegler.

No. 3.—THE ANCHOR HOTEL,

Situate on the Lehigh Canal, in South Bethlehem, now in the occupancy of C. H. Williams.

To those who are acquainted with the situation of Bethlehem, it is needless to enlarge on its merits in a newspaper advertisement; and such as may be disposed to offer, not being acquainted, are invited first to visit the place; a description of the buildings is therefore not deemed necessary; suffice it to say, that the situation holds out sufficient inducements to proper qualified persons.

Each of the tenants above named have a certain number of acres of land attached to their stands, which may be obtained by the applicants [illegible] reasonable rent.

Possession will be given on the first day of April next.

Unexceptionable testimonials as to the moral character of the applicants are required to be forwarded with the proposals, and security will be required for the punctual payment of the rent quarterly. For further particulars apply to

JOHN F. STADIGER, Bethlehem.

P. S.—Mr. Williams, the occupant of the Anchor Hotel, intending to move to the western country, offers his stock of furniture &c. on reasonable terms. He would be willing also to give possession of the premises before the first of April next. nov 21—2t*

A Chance for the Ladies

To purchase cheap goods at the New York Silk Store, 204 Market street, below Eighth.

JUST received from the New York auctions, a large assortment of colored, black, and blue black gros de nap, at only 37½ cts. a yard, also on hand, a large assortment of Italian lutestrings, gros de swiss, black and blue black Poult de soies, 6-4 wide Italian mantuas and gros de swiss; 1 case of new styled figured Poult de soies, 30 pieces of fancy colored silks for ladies' evening dresses. Also new style cut silk velvets, for ladies' bonnets; French worked collars, capes and pelerines; black, white and green blond veils; also, 1 case Cotton's super black Italian crape.

8-4 rich printed thibet shawls, 7-4 and 8-4 black, white and red merino shawls, black, white & scarlet merino long shawls; 1 box 8-4 real camel's hair shawls; 1 box 7-4 brocade shawls, rich printed Thibet shawls, 3-4 and 7-4 French merino cloth; linen cambric hdkfs, hemstitch'd and pointed, Irish linen lawns, linen cambrics, &c.

Also, on hand, a large assortment of French & staple goods not mentioned above, all of which will be sold, either wholesale or retail at 20 per cent. less than can be bought elsewhere as the subscriber received his goods direct from the New York auctions, which enables him to sell them very low.

Ladies and country merchants will please call, and see who offer their goods as cheap as we state them to be. Open every evening. nov 21—3mo*

Samuel P. Shoemaker,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Drug and Chemical store, from No. 299, to No. 335 N. 2d st. a few doors above Noble, east side, where he solicits a continuance of that patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed.

Wanted, an apprentice—a lad about 16 years of age, of respectable family, and correct habits. One having some knowledge of the business would be preferred. nov 7—3m*

ATKINSON'S CASKET,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1835.

Just published, the November number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

EMBELLISHMENTS:

The Neptune, a splendid engraving—Canal Locks at [illegible]—Head of the Pennsylvania Canal, [illegible], in illustration of the Sibbath, Music—My Home Dear, from the Opera of Masaniello.

CONTENTS.

[illegible]

LITERARY PORT-FOLIO.

[illegible]

POETRY.

The Prophet, by V. V. Ellis, esq.; Love in the Dew; The Sea; Woman; The Rose; [illegible] The Autumn Leaf.

MUSIC.—My Home Dear, arranged for the Piano.

A few copies of the Casket for 1830, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35 and '36, containing an extensive variety of [illegible] may be obtained on application at this office.

Address, (post-paid)

S. C. ATKINSON, Publisher, 36 Carter's Alley, Philada.

nov 4

Eustis Prescott,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 99 Pearl Street, New York,

REFERS TO

[illegible]

To Southern and Western Merchants:

[illegible]

The Splendid Picture of BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST,

Closes at the Diorama, George St. Saturday, Dec. 12.

THE Proprietor respectfully announces the close of this exhibition thus early, to enable every one to visit it who may wish to do so, and from the peculiar arrangement of the light, it may be seen with equal effect, as by day, at evening. Open from 9 till dark—Admittance, 25 cents. nov 21—4t

J. Albright's Columbian Syrup:

WHICH has proved itself equal, if not superior, to Swaim's or any other Panacea, for the cure of the following diseases, viz.

Necrosis, or affections of the bones, King's Evil, or Scrofula; Cancerous and inveterate Ulcers, Liver and Bilious Complaints; Rheumatic affections of the head and joints generally; Ulcers of the mouth and throat, Syphilis, and all diseases arising from the improper use of mercury.

As a general depurative article, or purifier of the blood, this medicine possesses invaluable properties. It improves the appetite, and [illegible] the remarkable effect of depriving the skin of that yellow tint, [illegible].

For sale by J. THOMPSON, S. W. corner of Market and 3d streets, Philadelphia. Price, $1 50. nov 14—3m

Daniel Frowert,

SURGEONS' INSTRUMENTS and Elastic Truss manufacturer, No. 54 North Fourth street, above Race, Philadelphia. Surgical Instruments, of all kinds, repaired. nov 14—3m*

Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufactory, AND WAREHOUSE,

No. 128 Market St. N. E. corner of 4th, Up Stairs.

JOHNSON & DUPLAINE beg leave to inform the Southern and Western Merchants, that they intend to manufacture for the SOUTHERN MERCHANTS, [illegible] FASHIONABLE ARTICLES, both in the Ladies' and Gentlemen's line. They also intend keeping all the ordinary articles belonging to the business.

On hand—3,000 pair first quality Ladies' Boots & Shoes. 1000 do. do. Gentlemen's do.

Besides a good assortment of the other qualities, all of which will be sold on accommodating terms. nov 14—6m

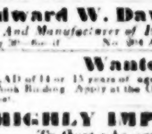
Carpet Manufactory,

AT No. 30 North 13th street (the second door above Cherry street). "A work once well done is better than twice half done." In accordance with the above motto, the subscriber begs leave to impress upon the minds of those who are fond of trouble and expense of making rag carpets, that a good warp or chain is of the first importance to their durability. Therefore, none but the very best threaded warps shall be used, and the carpets will be woven in the best possible manner, at the lowest rate of charge. Also, Carpets for sale.

sept 5 '35—1yd SAMUEL BARRY.

Winter Millinery.

MRS. S. CHAMBERS, AGENT.



HAS received by the recent arrivals, a large assortment of FRENCH MILLINERY, DRESS PATTERNS, &c.

Comprising several cases of French Bonnets, Feathers, Flowers, Blond Caps, Blond Laces, &c. A constant supply of the latest and most approved fashions, and newest style of goods received and on hand, at her French Millinery and Fancy Dress-making Establishment, 216 CHESNUT ST. (Third door below Ninth, South side.)

N. B.—Orders from Ladies and Merchants, for Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Caps, &c., executed in the best style and at the shortest notice. nov 14—tf

Edward W. David—Dentist,

And Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth,

may 30—6m tf No. 204 Arch street, above Eighth.

Wanted.

A LAD of 14 or 15 years of age, as an apprentice to the Book Binding. Apply at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post. sep 19—tf

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!

To those who cannot Write.

J. CURRAN, TEACHER OF PENMANSHIP,

Proposes to teach any person, of common capacity, over 10 years of age, either male or female, who has never written at all, a plain, legible hand, for the trifling sum of

FIVE DOLLARS!!!

Success Guaranteed.

For further particulars, apply at the Academy, No. 4, North Thirteenth Street.

N. B.—Those, wishing to improve their hand writing, will also be taught on very moderate terms.

oct 31 6t* J. CURRAN.

Fashionable Winter Millinery.

R. & M. McConnell, No. 175 Chesnut, 1 door above 9th st. respectfully inform the Ladies, that they have opened on Wednesday, Nov. 11, the Winter Fashions of Millinery. Consisting of rich velvet and silk bonnets, caps, feathers, head dresses, ribbons, flowers, &c.

Also—An assortment of French needle work, rich muslin capes and collars, gloves, &c.

R. & M. McC. are prepared to execute all orders for Ladies dresses, cloaks, habits &c. in the neatest manner and latest style. nov 7—tf

Winter Millinery.

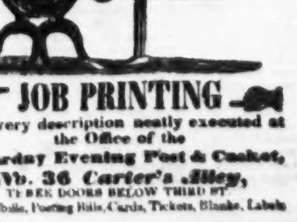
Misses Johnson's, No. 206 Chesnut Street, Sixth door above 8th st. have received by the last arrivals from Havre, a large assortment of Winter Millinery, Which they have opened on Tuesday, Nov. 10.

nov 7—4t*

Change of Hour.

THE STEAM BOAT WILMINGTON, Captain Henry Read, on and after Monday next, October 5, will leave Arch street wharf daily at 1 o'clock, for Wilmington, and will leave Wilmington for Philadelphia every morning, at 8 o'clock, until further notice.

Fare, 25 cents. Breakfast and Dinner provided on board. All baggage at the risk of its owner. Freights as per agreement. oct 3—tf



JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly executed at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post & Casket, No. 36 Carter's Alley, THREE DOORS BELOW THIRD ST.

Handbills, Posting Bills, Cards, Tickets, Blanks, Labels &c. &c.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

My Married Daughter could you See.

[illegible]

My married daughter could you see,
You sure you would be struck;—
My daughters all are charming girls;
Yet [illegible] have such luck.
My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts by [illegible] won;
And my second so resembles her,
Most people think them twins!

My married daughter spoils her spouse,—
She's quite a pattern wife!
And to adore her—well he may—
For none lead such a life!
She ne'er had married mortal man
Till he had won her heart!
And my second darling's just the same,—
They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oh has press'd my hand,
While tears were in his eyes,
And said, "You brought my Susan up—
With you the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife,
I own was all my aim;
And my second is domestic too,—
My system was the same.

Now do you know, I've often thought
The eldest of the two
(She's married, so I may speak out)
Would just have suited you!
You never saw her!—how shall I
My eldest girl portray?
Oh! my second is her counterpart,
And her you'll meet to-day.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

EXCERPTS.

Be never certain of what has not yet happened.—*Johnson.*

That key is brightest which is most used.—*Dr. Franklin.*

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

Every man thinks all are mortal but himself.

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to break them off, 'tis being flay'd alive."

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, may serve to stop a hole to keep the wind away."

A man fights to please others not himself.

"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."—*Hudibras.*

Satirical wit is like the lightning's flash, which where it strikes, spreads ruin and dismay around.

Playful wit is the meteor's glance, which though it dazzles and delights, yet does no harm.

Search into those you call unfortunate, and you will find that they have been unwise.

"Our doubts are traitors—and we lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." R. A. W.

The Barrel-Organ Nuisance.—We overheard the following conversation a few days ago between two *professors* of the barrel organ:

"I say, *Bill*, ow is it as you always gets so much more nor me, ven your organ isn't worth so much as mine by five shillin' and you plays nothing but old Robin Gray, and the Duke of York's March, and God save the King, and the Undred-and-Fourth Psalm, and sich like, vile I favors up with the Ustere' Chorus, and One sweet One, and Bonnets o'Blue, and lots o' good 'uns?"

"Vy, I'll tell you 'ow' it be; you see ven I goes to a 'ouse, I gets von so bad out o' chune as I can, vile you does nothing but lok bout for a good un. So nobody takes no notice on you; but ven I begins to fire up with mine, the gemmen hopens the vindy, and chucks me sixpence to go away."

"How many kinds of motions are there," said a professor of physics to one of his very bright pupils. "Three, Sir," was the reply. "Three! name them." "The Retrograde, the Progressive, and the *stand still motion.*"

Adventure between a Hottentot and a Lion.—The grass about us was exceedingly tall, and the country abounded in spring-boks; one of our Hottentots thought he perceived one among the grass, and crept close up to it in order to make sure of his shot, when on rising to discharge his piece, he found himself close upon a large male lion, which instantly set up a loud roar. The man fled, and being near the wagons, was not pursued by the lion. The manner in which he related the story was exceeding amusing, and characteristic of the Hottentots. "I saw," said he, "a spring bok, which I made sure of having in the pot to-night; but when I got close to it I found it was the *gouverneur*, I was just going to fire, when he asked me in a loud tone, 'What are you going to do?' 'Oh,' said I, 'beg your pardon. I did not know it was your honor, or I should not have presumed to have drawn so near you. I hope your honor will not consider it an insult, and I shall instantly retire.' So I scampered away a great deal quicker than I went to him."—*Steedman's Wanderings in South Africa.*

An amusing anecdote of the eccentric tragedian, Mr. Booth, was told to us some time ago by our friend Mr. C. H. Eaton. Both were engaged to perform at the same time in Washington—and the play in which they were to open was Othello. In the morning Mr. Eaton attended at the theatre, but no Iago in the shape of Mr. Booth appeared—and of course there could be no rehearsal. In the afternoon while walking through Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Eaton encountered the delinquent. 'Ah, Mr. Eaton,' said the latter, 'pardon me that I was not at the theatre.' 'Oh, it's of no consequence,' answered Mr. E. 'we can undoubtedly get along very well.' 'But it would be better to have a rehearsal,' rejoined Mr. Booth;—'Suppose you take my arm, and rehearse up the avenue.'—They walked on, and the rehearsal proceeded. They had not gone far before the Baltimore manager met them—'Mr. Booth,' said he, 'I was in pursuit of you. I wish to have you perform at my theatre. I will give you one hundred dollars for —— nights' performance.' The tragedian answered with great gravity—'No, sir, I can't engage with you on those terms—I require two hundred and a clean shirt!' The manager smiled, 'I'm not trifling, sir,' answered he—'I will give you the sum I have named.' Mr. B. opened his bosom, and displayed a shirt the 'worse for wear.'—'You see, sir, the condition I am in. Two hundred and a clean shirt.' 'Mr. Booth, I make a proper offer, sir—will you engage with me for two hundred?' 'And a clean shirt'—reiterated the actor without moving a muscle. 'I have a shirt that you are welcome to,' said Mr. Eaton. 'Then, Mr. Manager,' said Booth, 'I can't engage with you.' And the two walked on, while the rehearsal proceeded. They went to Mr. Eaton's rooms, where, without the least interruption of the dialogue, the shirt was produced, and Mr. B. denuded himself, and put it on—and then sought the street again. Soon the manager reappeared. 'Well, Mr. Booth, will you accede to my terms?' 'No,' answered he, displaying his bosom, '*I've got a clean shirt!*'—*N. E. Galaxy.*

A beef-stealer caught stealing a beef, by the beef itself.—A friend relates to us an amusing piece of thievery, which took place not long since, not a thousand miles from our goodly village. Two persons undertook to steal a piece of beef from a neighbour who had killed an ox and left it over night in his barn, suspended with a stick between the flanks, in the usual way. They agreed that one should mount the cross stick and cut away, whilst the other kept watch. He had scarcely commenced operations, when the stick slipt from under him, the ribs closed and fairly locked him inside the carcase, his arms extending above his head, and his feet projecting from the neck of the animal; his companion fled, leaving the prisoner to be released from his confinement by the owner of the ox, who upon opening his barn at sunrise, greeted him with a hearty good "morning."—*Logansport Canal Telegraph.*

Theatrical Anecdote.—The following anecdote was told by Mr. Murray, the manager of the Edinburg Adelphi theatre, last week, in the course of an address to the audience on the closing of the season. He gave it on the authority of John Kemble, who related it to him at the time when his prospects were not of the brightest character:—A provincial manager, whose means had been extremely distressed, determined to make one grand effort to retrieve his fortunes, and announced a new and splendid nautical spectacle, which was to terminate with a view of the British fleet, and a magnificent transparency of Lord Rodney. Public curiosity was excited by the unusual effort and at an early hour the house was crowded. The play commenced, and the new spectacle was to conclude the evening. But alas! the artist, from whose creative pencil all this scenic magnificence was to spring, was more addicted to his glass than his palette, and, as yet, Lord Rodney and the British fleet existed only in the "mind's eye" of the distracted manager. Time flew—the play proceeded, and yet no fleet—no Admiral. Never did the besieging garrison of Gibraltar, in the memorable 1780, pant for the arrival of the gallant Rodney with more anxiety than did our hapless manager. But in vain—word was brought that the incorrigible painter was drunk in bed, and nothing remained [illegible]

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Anecdote.—The late Judge *Peters*, who with many excellent qualities possessed *facetiousness* in a great degree, was used to relate a joke at his own expense, which is too good to be lost.

The Judge having rode into Philadelphia from his country seat in the vicinity, dismounted from his horse opposite the dwelling of a gentleman in Market street, with whom he had business; but not finding a convenience for securing his horse, he beckoned to a man repairing the street, who, touching his hat, asked in the dialect of his country—"What 'll yer honour be plased for till hav?" "Hold my horse, my lad," said the Judge, "while I just go into this house for a few minutes." "Plase yer honour, will he bite?" "Oh, no." "Will he kick?" "No, no." "Can one man hold him?" "Yes, my good fellow, easily." "Well then, yer honour 'll be plased to be after houldin' him yourself."

So saying, he returned to his work, but not until the Judge, delighted with his naive wit, threw him a piece of silver in testimony of his satisfaction.

In the town of M——, lived an old gentleman of that description of beings yclept bachelors, who for many long rebellious years, had withstood the earnest solicitations of his friends to enter into the state of matrimony. Lately, however, he seemed to regret his long celibacy, and one evening, his friends finding him in an unusually pliable mood, gathered around him, and at length prevailed upon him to "pop the question" to a neighboring female, who, they had no doubt, was disposed to let slip no opportunity of exchanging single blessedness for matrimonial felicity. To this lady therefore, he "onward pressed his way," and knowing from experience the "shortness of time," and having a decided aversion to any thing romantic, he resolved to adopt the most concise way of "despatching business." On knocking at the door, the matron maid presented herself, and having ascertained "her to be her," he proceeded to "explain." "Madam," said he, "my friends wish me to be married; they think you will suit me. I have no objection—I give you a fortnight to consider of it; good day ma'am," leaving the astonished damsel to meditate on the proposition. On the eve of the day fortnight, when she had proved that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," a genteel rap was heard at the door, and, with a trembling delight, she proceeded to open it, when a voice she had once heard and had never forgotten, enquired, "Well madam have you decided about the business I named to you?" She blushed and as pleasantly as she could, said something about "not wishing to disoblige Mr. M——'s *friends*, nor go out of the order of Providence, the little time allowed her," &c. when the gallant suitor cut her short by replying, "Madam, I see which way your inclination turns—this day week we will be married."—*N. E. Galaxy.*

Anecdote of Cats.—Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show little attachment to those who are kind to them. I have known a cat, however, evince great uneasiness during the absence of its owner; and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favorite cat made her way into the prison room by getting down the chimney. Cats have been known to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for robbery, informed me after his conviction that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Hampton Court; whilst in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added, that he never saw a man so much frightened in his life. A family residing at Newcastle, went one summer to Tynemouth, leaving the house in the care of two female servants. One evening when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the girls went up stairs. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of them fainted, and the other gave the alarm; but, in the mean time, the man made his escape out of the window, and over the roof of the adjoining house.

A Marriage Fee in Farthings.—A few mornings ago, a young man named Saunders, a constable, belonging to the K division of Police, presented himself, with a young woman whom he was about to make his wife, and three or four friends, at the altar of Stepney church, for the purpose of being married.—The rector, the Rev. Dr. Barnaby, having ascertained that the bans had been regularly published, and that no objection was offered to the union, proceeded with the solemn ceremony, and married the young couple. As soon as the reverend doctor had concluded, and a regular registry had been made, Saunders drew forth from his pocket a canvass bag, and having untied the string, emptied its contents (432 farthings) on the vestry table, observing at the same time, that his reverence would find it all right. The reverend gentleman, who, as well as the clerk, appeared somewhat astonished at the circumstance, asked Saunders what he meant by such conduct, and told him that, as a policeman, he should have known better. Saunders replied that he did not think there was any thing censurable in his conduct in what he had done. He added, that he had made up his mind to get married as soon as he could save up in farthings as much as would pay the marriage fee. Immediately after forming the determination, he commenced putting by all the farthings which came into his hands in the way of business; and having ascertained that he had acquired the requisite number, he had the bans published.—Mr. Barnaby made some objection to receive his fee in such a shape; but Saunders observed he could not see how he could object to that which was the current coin of the realm. The reverend gentleman finding that he was not likely to get any other, requested Saunders to count it; but he refused, saying that he had counted it already more than one hundred times, and therefore felt convinced his reverence would find 9s., or 432 farthings, in the parcel.—The bridegroom, with his bride and friends, then left the church.

A singular circumstance occurred while I was at Tunis. The Sapatap, or prime Minister, a Georgian, about thirty-six years of age, was sent, on account of his extreme beauty, a present from the Grand Seignor to the Bey of Tunis. The Bey became very much attached to him; and from rank to rank he rose at length to that of Sapatap.

Nearly about the same time, a young girl was sent, a Georgian by birth, and extremely beautiful. She was in time taken into favor, and placed in the harem of the Bey.

About six months before my arrival, she declared to some of the women in the harem, that the Sapatap, whom she had seen through the lattice, and whom she had not seen before for sixteen or seventeen years, although living in the same palace together, was her brother. This was mentioned to him; he laughed at the idea, and said he had no relation that had any knowledge of him whatsoever; that he had himself a very slight recollection of his family, &c. &c. This was reported to her. She sunk into a deep melancholy, which brought on a rapid decline; and for change of air was removed to one of the country seats of the Bey. His Highness told his sapatap, that she still insisted that she was his sister, and desired him to go and relieve her mind on the subject, as otherwise she certainly would die. He went and saw her. She was greatly agitated. 'You say you are my sister,' said the sapatap. 'Yes,' said she 'I am.' 'How many children had your parents?' 'You and myself,' she replied. 'What were their names?' She gave the names of her father and mother. 'Then,' said he, 'if you are my sister you have a scar on the upper part of your left arm, where a dog bit you.' She stripped up her sleeve and exposed the arm. He fell on her neck and embraced her. 'You are indeed my sister,' he said; but she was then dying. Dr. Heap was sent for. I accompanied him to the place of her residence, while I heard the story from the mouth of the sapatap, he shed abundance of tears. In a few days she was a corpse, and he was the most wretched of brothers.—*Com. Porter's Letters.*

The Swan of Loch Oich.—A solitary wild swan may be seen on Loch Oich. It has sailed there for 30 or 40 years, in summer and winter, "with arched neck between its white wings mantling." It had a mate, but about twenty years ago, the master of a trading vessel (more wantonly barbarous than the Duke of Cumberland when he burned the old Castle of Invergary) shot the bird. The Glengary swan, however, kept its solitary range. Last winter, three other swans lighted on the Lake; they remained a month or two, and it was thought the recluse would depart with them. But it had apparently no desire to change its wonted station. As swans have been known to live upwards of a century, we hope this faithful bird will escape accident and cruelty, and live through two or three generations more to grace the shores of Loch Oich.—*Inverness Courier.*

Ancestry.—The origin of singular names of individuals is sometimes truly laughable. In illustration of that we give the following:—The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middletown, Connecticut. For some time prior to his settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middlefield, some few rods from his father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee—for better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her farewell. The kind and lengthened word, pronounced with so much sadness, fell upon her heart with healing in its tone; and as he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress, relenting, beckoned to him to stop, exclaiming, "Return Jonathan! Return Jonathan!" Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed upon a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of their union was a son, which the father, in commemoration of the happiest words he had ever heard spoken, had baptised "Return Jonathan," who rose to distinction, and subsequently to the office of post-master general of the United States.

When Incledon was in the zenith of his fame, he did almost as he pleased. Kemble sent to him to ask his aid in *Macbeth*. This Charles was inclined to consider *infra dig.* "The national singer play the He-cat! The fact is, you may tell Mr. Kemble that if he'll play one of the thieves, to my Macheath, I will play a He-cat, or any cat he likes, to his *Macbeth*."

A Good Customer.—A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the Smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is that?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave a guinea." "True," said the Smith, "but he was an Irishman, I have married him six times before, he is a customer—you I may never see again."

From the Farmers' Reporter.

MOZART.

It happened that Mozart was sitting one fine morning in his bed, his writing before him, when his young wife entered to inform him that a very unmusical being, the butcher, was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest operas, the immortal Clemenza di Tito, was just arranging in his fancy, one of the most beautiful airs. He neither heard nor saw his wife. She, a lovely kind soul of rather practical views, who had been shortly before married to a young artist, stood waiting for a while, repeating her information; but no answer followed her words. Seizing the young artist by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. Mozart was writing without intermission; feeling however his arm touched, and hearing sounds whose tenor seemed not to correspond with the harmonious notes of his soul, he shut his ears with his left hand, writing with the right as quickly as the notes could be scribbled. A second shake of his wife followed; Mozart, growing impatient, seized his walking stick, and his wife alarmed at so strange an armament, hastened to the door. The whole had passed without M.'s being in the least conscious of it. She ran down stairs with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted—he must have his bill settled and speak with M. himself—or he would not send another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, indistinctly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his phantasy on paper, when the heavy footsteps ascended in the hall. His stick was still in his hand. Without turning his eyes from the scrap, he held the stick against the door, to keep out the intruders. But the steps were approaching. Mozart, more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at the stick; *it was too short.* With an anxious bordering on phrenzy, he look'd round his room, and a pole standing behind the curtain caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might against the door—writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, and the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded; words were heard on the staircase, and the intruders renewed their efforts a second time. The strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left brows, with the force of despair he still kept out his visitors—he succeeded but for a moment; yet it was a precious moment—the delightful air was poured on the paper; it was saved!

Such had been the anxiety, fear and despair of the composer, so intense his feelings, that his bodily strength was not equal to stand the powerful effort of his soul. Scarcely were his effusions arranged, when his strength left him—the pole dropped from his hand, and he fell back on his pillow exhausted. The door opened, and his wife with the formidable butcher entered. Pale, unconscious of every thing, the son of Euterpe lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror struck at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband; she raised his forehead—embraced him—when his eyes opened, and looking round with surprise, they fell upon the invaluable scrap still before him.

"Mr. Mozart," said the butcher.

"Hal, halt," cried the composer, seizing the manuscript and leaping at the same time out of bed, and hurrying towards the piano-forte. Down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard, resounded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife, and even of the butcher, began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again and running to his writing desk, he filled out what was still wanting.

"Well, Mr. Mozart," said the butcher, when the artist had finished, "you know I am to marry." "No, I do not," said M., who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance. "Well then you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat." "I do," said M. with a sigh. "Never mind," said the man, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart, "just make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a whole year to come." "It is a bargain," cried the lively and gifted M. And down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument; such a waltz as never before had set the dance-loving butcher's feet in motion. "Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured tradesman; "no, one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz; but I want it with trumpets, and hornpipes, and fiddles—you know best—and soon too." "You shall have it so," said M., who scarcely trusted his ears, "and in one hour you may send for it."

The liberal minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher had returned, delighted with the music, and M. with his hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he ever received from the emperor (of Germany,) for the greatest of his operas.

It is to this incident the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles, the celebrated *oxen waltz*, a piece of music still unrivalled.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

"The Gardener's Manual."—We have been favoured by *Charles F. Crosman*, the author, with a publication under the above title, 24 pp. 12 mo. containing plain and practical directions for the cultivation and management of some of the most valuable Culinary Vegetables. It is a very useful little manual, and is issued to accompany the Garden Seeds raised in the "United Society at New Lebanon." We intend to copy liberally from it, in season for next year's operations. In the meantime we select the following paragraphs, appropriate to this season:

The Tomato.—There are but few who relish the tomato at first sight; and few who are not extremely fond of it when properly cooked and they become accustomed to it. It is considered by physicians and others acquainted with its effects, not only a very delicious, but a very harmless and wholesome vegetable; indeed, some will give a decided preference to a dish of *tomato sauce* or a tomato pie, when properly prepared, to any thing of the kind in the vegetable kingdom. The experience of several years in raising and using this vegetable in various ways, enables us to recommend it to all who are desirous of obtaining a cheap and delicious fruit for the table. There is no vegetable more easily raised, and none better pay the cultivator where they are generally known. They are used in various ways, either raw, with sugar, or stewed for sauce, or in fricasees and soups; for catsup or gravy, for meat and for pies or preserves, as well as for pickles and sweet meats.

For the information of those not acquainted with the *tomato*, who may wish to try the experiment, we give the following directions for preparing and cooking them. Take them when ripe and red, dip them into scalding water, and take off all the skin, cut them in quarters and scrape out the seeds; then put them into a clean stewpan and let them simmer about fifteen minutes, then put in a little butter and pepper, stir them a few minutes and they are done. Some prefer adding some crumbs of wheat bread or grated crackers. For pies or preserves the tomato requires a little more sugar than the peach, though equally palatable. The process of making is much the same as with other fruit. Tomatoes may be preserved fresh by covering them with sugar. The green fruit is often pickled, like the cucumber or pepper. When prepared, according to the following directions, they make an excellent sauce or gravy for meat or fish.

Tomato Catsup or Catsup.—Collect the fruit when fully ripe, before any frosts appear, squeeze or bruise them well, and boil them slowly for half an hour, then strain them through a cloth, and put in salt, pepper and spices to suit the taste, then boil again and take off the scum that rises, so as to leave the liquor in its pure state; keep it boiling slowly until about one third of the juice is diminished, then let it cool and put it into clean glass bottles, corked tight and kept in a cool place for use. After standing awhile, should any sediment appear in the bottles, the liquor should be poured off into other bottles, and again corked tight.

To cook Turnips.—Turnips are an excellent and very healthful vegetable if properly cooked and dressed; but many people spoil them in the cooking. If boiled in the water with corned or salted meat, (which is a common practice in many families,) they should not be peeled at all. Turnips raised in a suitable soil, will be fair and smooth, and of a sweet flavor, and when first pulled, will wash white and clean without peeling. After being gathered and stowed away in the cellar awhile, the dirt adheres to them; they may then be put into a pail of warm water, so as to moisten the skin, and scraped with a knife, and washed clean, fit for the pot, without the least necessity of peeling. A turnip is surrounded with a coat or skin under the scurf skin, which in a common sized turnip is nearly of the thickness of an orange peel. This skin, in peeling, is often cut through, by which means the turnip, in boiling, becomes completely water soaked, and the sweetness is boiled out; it is then unfit for the table. A better way of cooking turnips or potatoes is to steam them instead of boiling them in water.

But good sweet turnips, raised in a suitable soil, having no rank taste in them, are much better cooked by cutting them into small pieces and stewing them, as the Yankee do their pumpkins for pies. While stewing, mash them up in the kettle, and when sufficiently done, take them up and dress them with a little salt and butter.

To cook Salsify or Vegetable Oyster.—There are various modes of dressing and cooking this vegetable. It is very excellent boiled and mashed up like squash or turnips, with a little salt and butter. Some make soup of it; in that case it should be mashed fine in order to thicken and increase the flavor of the soup.—Others prefer it par boiled, and then sliced up and fried in batter, or without. A writer in the *Massachusetts Agricultural Repository*, observes that "In its taste it so strongly resembles the oyster that when sliced and fried in batter, it can hardly be distinguished from it;" and adds, "If your gardeners would introduce it into market, and our citizens once try it, there would be no danger of its ever failing hereafter to be raised. It is in eating from November to May, precisely the period in which our vegetable market is most deficient in variety."

To cook Cauliflower.—Cut a when close and white, and of a middling size; cut the stem so as to separate the flower from the leaves below it. Let it lie in salt and water awhile; then put it into the boiling water, with a handful of salt. Keep the boiler uncovered, and skim the water well. A small flower will require about fifteen minutes boiling—a large one about twenty. Take it up as soon as a fork will easily enter the stem: a little longer boiling will spoil it. Serve it up with gravy or melted butter.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

Lisbon, May 5th, 1835.

To the Editor of the Silk Culturist,

Sir:—I am much pleased, on perusing the first two numbers of your valuable little "Manual," with the manner in which you have stated the probable advantages of the culture of silk to the farmers of America; and I wish to add a few words in confirmation of your statements.

I have manufactured silk, at Spitalfields, in London, twenty years; and am perfectly acquainted with the winding, warping, and weaving of plain silks, such as Sarcenets, Satins, Grende Naples, Florentines, Plushes, and Velvets; or figured silks, such as Florets, Tabbies, Tissues, and Damasks; all of which works require very different kinds of silk. In the last six months, I have woven many pounds of silk, *of American growth*, into silk stocks for Mr. James Dorrow; and I assure you, Sir, that I have seen many samples of American silk, far superior to the Bengal, China, and Italian silks, and nearly equal to the best Italian.

I am surprised that the farmers of America have so long neglected the culture of silk; it being so very profitable, and the climate being so well adapted to it. I have known Italian silk to be sold for a dollar an ounce, in England, before it was manufactured; and the average price is about seven dollars a pound. At the present time, the most inferior kinds of manufactured silk, imported from England, France, and China, are being sold, in this country, for seven dollars a pound; and as the cost and the profit of manufacturing cannot exceed seven dollars, it leaves the enormous price of nine dollars a pound for the raw silk; which price, the people of America are now paying to the people of Italy and France.

By reference to the statement of M. Carrier, in the first number of the "Culturist," I find that nearly all his silk, sold for nearly six dollars a pound; and that on an acre of land, he realized two hundred and ninety dollars in a year. Now when we take into consideration the disadvantageous nature of the climate of France, compared to that of America, it appears to our view a mine of wealth for the farmers of this country.

In this letter, I have endeavored to show the advantages of the silk trade in an individual point of view; should you deem this worth insertion, I will in my next letter, point out the advantages of the silk trade, to the community at large.

Yours, &c. William Carpenter.

WASTE AND REFUSE SILK.

In winding of the silk from the cocoons, whether perfect or imperfect, the finest and best threads are not those which are first spun out; on the contrary, the first threads which come off the cocoon are coarse, uneven, and unfit for use in the silk manufactories, either of the stuffs, twist or sewing silk. This loose, fuzzy substance, which is about one-tenth part of the whole silk on the cocoon, is called in French *fleuret*, and in English *floss*, from the Latin *flos*, flower; a name which reminds us of *lucus a non lucendo*. As soon as the threads of silk in the process of reeling come out fine and regular, the floss is separated from them and put aside for use, as will be presently mentioned. To it are added all the threads which, either from some defect in the cocoons, or from the awkwardness of the women employed in the different operations of reeling, winding and doubling, either break off so as not to be easily united to the other threads, or come out uneven or otherwise unfit for use; these are called the *waste silk*, and added to the *floss*, among with it the same name. This mass boiled in soap and water, afterwards carded and spun in the spinning wheel, takes the name in French of *bourre de soie* or *filoselle*. Boyer, in his dictionary, translates the word *filoselle* into English by *ferret silk* or *flurt silk*. This last name is evidently a corruption, or an English pronunciation of the French word *fleuret*, *floss silk*.

This floss, ferret or flurt silk, by whatever name it may be called is employed in making silk stockings, mittens, gloves, suspenders, night caps, and, in general, all kinds of silk hosiery. I have heard that the women of Connecticut knit silk stockings and mittens out of the silk which they extract from the cocoons. I shall speak of these also in their proper place.

Thus nothing is lost or wasted of the precious material produced by the silk worm. I mean by those who understand the art of employing it. Otherwise, all experiments by those who are unskilled in the business cannot but be attended with considerable loss.

There are, then, six different kinds of silk extracted from the cocoons by processes of various kinds, or which vary more or less from each other in the manner of using them, and all of which require not only skill and dexterity, but knowledge acquired by long practice. I shall recapitulate them in the order, according to their different degrees of fineness.

1. Silk of the first quality, or singles; 2. Silk of the second quality, or organzine; 3. Silk of the third quality, or tram silk; 4. Sewing silk of the first and second quality; 5 Cordonnet, or twist of ditto; 6. Filoselle, or floss silk.

The whole of the labor of extracting these different silks from the cocoons, and all the preparatory work until it is put to the mill, is done by women, who have separate tasks assigned to them in each of the various and complicated branches of this business. The workshops are superintended by an overseer, who must be master of the whole art. These are well compensated, and have no inducement to leave their country. Hence the difficulty which the nations of Europe have found in obtaining the knowledge that is indispensable for introducing the manufacture of silk among themselves. It is doubtful whether Great Britain would have possessed it, if the revocation of the edict of Nantz had not brought among them the protestant refugees from France, whose decendants even at this day are the support of the silk manufactures of *Spitalfields*. *Essays on American Silk.*

MANUFACTURE OF SILK IN CHINA.

The imaginary impossibility of manufacturing silk in this country, especially the finer and more delicate fabrics, has hitherto prevented skilful and enterprising agriculturists from engaging in its cultivation on a large and profitable scale. It has been supposed that American ingenuity was inadequate to the production of those fanciful and beautiful textures, which are considered so essential to the elegance and perfection of female dress, and that we must forever be dependent on the skill and ingenuity of India and Europe for their fabrication. Though the inventive genius of American Manufacturers, and particularly the Yankees, has long been proverbial, yet they have hitherto by common consent accorded to their foreign brethren a decided superiority in the manufacture of silk. It has also been supposed that European and India fabrics were constructed by aid of expensive and complex machinery without which they could not be manufactured. It is true European ingenuity has invented labor saving machines, by which her manufacturers are enabled to complete with the native skill of China; but after all the patient and persevering Indian succeeds in the manufacture of fabrics, which, for delicacy of texture, cannot be rivalled by the European aided by the labors of the most scientific machinist.

Silk looms in Europe are of the most simple construction, but when contrasted with the contrivances in India would seem to give them a decided advantage. In India the weaver weaves his web in the open air. He first selects a station for his operations, generally under a tree that its foliage may protect him from the scorching rays of the sun. He then extends the threads which compose the warp of his intended fabric lengthwise between two bamboo rollers which are fastened to the ground by means of wooden pins. He then digs a hole in the earth large enough to contain his legs in a sitting posture. He next attaches to a limb of the tree the cords by which his harness is to be operated, and to the lower shafts of the harness cords with loops of sufficient size to admit the insertion of his great toes. With his web thus arranged, he is prepared to commence weaving. This he does by putting his toe into the loop of the cord attached to that part of the harness which he wishes to tread down, and then with a shuttle introduces the woof and beats up by striking the threads of the woof with the shuttle instead of a batten. The shuttle is in the form of a netting needle and longer than the breadth of the webb. With this rude apparatus he manufactures a fabric of which an Italian silk weaver would be proud.

If the silk manufacture in China is so simple and so easily performed without the aid of complicated machinery, can it not be successfully and profitably prosecuted in a country abounding in machinists, with ingenuity to invent and skill to execute the most perfect machinery in the world?

RAND'S Introduction to Penmanship, IN EIGHT PARTS.

THE Author, having devoted the last twenty-six years to teaching, improving, and [illegible] the Art of Writing, and method of teaching it, [illegible] Copy Books to the public, [illegible] particularly beneficial to juvenile pupils, and to those who have never written.

They are expressly calculated to relieve the teacher from the drudgery of ruling books and setting copies, thereby enabling him to devote more time to [illegible] more benefit to the junior pupils.

Every teacher must be aware of the difficulties which the younger pupils have to encounter in holding the pen correct; [illegible] it is believed these books will entirely obviate this difficulty, as the pupil cannot proceed unless the pen be held properly.

Teachers at a distance, who wish to form a more correct idea of the system, will receive a copy of No. 5, which is a combination of all the other numbers, on sending to No. [illegible] south Ninth street.

Philadelphia, September 17th, 1833.

Having carefully examined a series of copy-books, entitled "Rand's Introduction to Penmanship," we find it possessed of many very decided advantages over any system of instruction in that useful art, with which we are acquainted. We have therefore introduced it into our seminaries, and [illegible] from its widely extended reputation, it can hardly be supposed that any work of Mr. [illegible] public favour, we feel it our duty, as it is our pleasure, to give the system our full and cordial recommendation.

JOHN FROST,
Rev. CHARLES HENRY ALDEN,
C. J. HADERMANN,
Rev. JAMES WILTBANK.

Philadelphia, December [illegible], 1833.

To B. H. RAND, Esq.

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Association of Monitorial Teachers, held on the [illegible] it was ordered that the corresponding secretary be directed to transmit to you a copy of the report on Rand's copy books. [illegible]

J. H. COLEMAN,
H. W. CHADWICK,
HIRAM AYRES.

From the committee—S. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Cor. Sec'y.
B. H. RAND, Esq. oct 14—6t

Wanted,

JOURNEYMEN Brass Founders. Apply to [illegible], No. 76 [illegible] street, Brass Foundry. [illegible]

Opiata Balsamica, DEL DR. GUERRERO.

THIS OPIATA, a recent discovery, is a certain, safe and convenient remedy for that species of disease called Gonorrhœa, or Gleet. Its reputation has [illegible] established in South America, and has [illegible] the written testimonials of the Medical Faculty of that portion of the globe, relative to the security and [illegible] the application, in all cases of Gonorrhœa.

The OPIATA BALSAMICA is put up in small leaden pots, accompanied with directions, and may be conveniently carried in the pocket, taken by persons of any age, and by those who may wish to avoid exposure, either to a physician or to their friends.

It is in the form of an agreeable paste, and is taken in such a manner as to render it "tasteless," by being wrapped up in a wafer prepared for that purpose, a sufficient number of which will be delivered with the medicine. But the greatest advantage which it possesses, is, that it invariably produces a radical cure of the disease in a few days, without effecting the most delicate constitution, owing to its not containing the slightest particle of mercury in its composition.

Before the agent would offer it to the public in this country, he has had its efficacy tested by several of the most respectable physicians in the city of New York. Their success has fully justified the declaration, that it is the best medicine they ever used, and they have in consequence, [illegible]

Price per pot, $1.50, to be had wholesale and retail, of JAS. TARRANT, Druggist and Apothecary, corner of Greenwich and Warren streets, New York; and in Philadelphia, at R. MOORE'S Drug and Medicine store, N. E. corner of 5th and Chesnut streets, at Mr. JOSEPH ALIO Bookseller, No. 117 N. Second street, and by I. THOMPSON, N. W. corner of Market and [illegible] streets. oct 24—6mo

For Sale,

A VALUABLE PAPER MILL, with two Engines and a Machine, on Buck Run, situate in East and West Fallowfield Townships, Chester county, Pa. 37 miles from Philadelphia, and 4 miles from the Railroad, with 80 acres of land, about 20 acres of meadow and arable land, and the remainder thriving timber.

The improvements are a substantial stone Mill House, with a full supply of wash water from springs, conveyed into settling ponds, and thence in pipes to the mill, and into each of the engines; five good presses, a good stone dam near the mill, with a full supply of water at all times of the year; three dwelling Houses, a good stone barn, and a large orchard of apple trees in their prime of bearing, &c. If not sold by the 29th of December next, it will then be sold at public sale, on that day, on the premises. Enquire of Messrs. Nicholas & Shearer, merchants, Philadelphia, or to the subscriber, near the premises, at his mills on Doe Run.
ELISHA PHIPPS.
oct 3—[illegible]

To the Nervous.

EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS, for indigestion, nervous, and all stomach complaints, prepared of the Camomile Flowers by peculiar process, are invaluable in strengthening and removing the distress of the stomach and digestive organs, thereby invigorating the whole frame. From indigestion proceeds many of the diseases to which we are liable. Its symptoms are—want of, or inordinate appetite, an apparent distention of the stomach, belchings, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels, a dis-relish for food, nervous symptoms, general debility, languidness, the mind become irritable, desponding, thoughtful, melancholy, dejected, &c. Evans' Pills will remove all the above symptoms, and are an invaluable preserver and restorer to health and long life.

Sold wholesale and retail at 85 Division st. N. York, and by the following respectable citizens of Philadelphia; J. C. Laycock, 30 Chesnut st. W. H. Morgan & Son, Publishers, 273 Market st. W. J. Simon, Stationer, 24½ South 2d st. oct 24—6mo.

Looking Glasses.

PERSONS wishing to purchase Looking Glasses, will find them in great variety, at the ware rooms of the subscribers' manufactory, either in gilt, mahogany, or pine frames. Being up *stairs*, they think they can furnish them somewhat lower than other establishments, if purchasers will take the trouble to walk up. Large sizes, from 36 by 20 up to 56 by 30, made to order in the best manner and latest fashions. Plates put in old frames, or furnished without frames. A large assortment of glasses on hand, suitable for the country trade.
WILLIAM NEAL & Co. 149 Market St.
sep 24—3mo North side, below 4th, up stairs.

To Contractors.

PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, at Mauch Chunk, until the 1st of October next, at noon, to construct the dams, locks, tow-paths, and other works, necessary to form a complete navigation along the Lehigh River, with at least five feet depth of water, between Quakake Creek, and Wright's Creek, a distance of about 17 miles. For plans and specifications of the work, apply to E. A. Douglass, the Engineer, or the assistants on the line.
JOSIAH WHITE,
Chairman of the Executive Committee of the L. Coal & N. co.
sep 26—tf Mauch Chunk, Sept. 10, 1835

ISAAC BARTON, No. 30 South 2d St. Philada.,

Offers for Sale, at Moderate Prices,

SILKS, comprising an extensive assortment of French, Italian, English and India; including superior China Satins, and Camblets of plain colours.

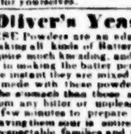
French and English Merino Cloths and Bombazines; Merino long and square Shawls, plain white, and bordered, Thibet, Norwich, and other Shawls.

Drab Habit Cloths suitable for Cloaks; other Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

Rose Blankets, Marseilles Quilts, Counterpanes, Bed Ticking, Sheeting Linens, Worsted Damasks, Moreens, Furniture Chintzes and Dimity; Damask Table Linen, Napkins, and other furnishing articles—together with a general assortment of Muslins, Ginghams, Calicoes, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Also—Rattinetts and Cloths, for carriage linings. oct 10—3mo.

Mrs. M. Chambers,



NO. 12 South 2d st. 5 doors below Market st. west side, has received by the last arrivals, a large assortment of *FRENCH MILLINERY*, Dress Patterns, &c. Consisting of French Bonnets, blond caps, flowers, feathers, ribbons with a variety of other fancy articles, all of which where opened on THURSDAY, October 1st, at the above establishment, in rooms up stairs. Ladies and Merchants, please examine for yourselves. sep 26—9t

Oliver's Yeast Powders.

THESE Powders are an admirable substitute for Yeast in making all kinds of Batter Cakes and Bread that does not require much kneading, and have the advantage over that article in making the batter perfectly light and ready for baking, the instant they are mixed. Buckwheat and other cakes, when made with these powders, are less likely to disagree with the stomach than those made with Yeast—are entirely free from any bitter or unpleasant taste—and as it requires but a few minutes to prepare for baking, the possibility of ever having them sour is entirely avoided. They are used by many respectable families and physicians in the city, and are highly approved of. We therefore confidently recommend them to the general use of families and hotel keepers, as being greatly superior to yeast, besides a [illegible] of time and trouble. Prepared only at the Drug Stores of THOMAS OLIVER, N. E. corner of 10th and Walnut sts. And of PAUL G. OLIVER, S. W. corner 10th and Race. oct 31—3mo

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 42 PRUNE ST above Fifth street. feb 9, '34—tf

A Card to Tailors.

FRANCIS MAHAN, practical tailor, and teacher of the garment cutting, makes known to the community, that Allen Ward, of the city of Philadelphia, publisher of the Tailors' Archetype, and inventor of the protractor system of garment cutting, by indenture, bearing date the day of June 25th 1835, conveyed to the subscriber full permission to use and publish all the principles contained in said publication, together with all and singular the instruments appertaining to his (Ward's) copy right and patent Protractor System. He therefore respectfully announces his intention to issue early in the coming autumn, the first of a series of semi annual publications, to bear the title of Mahan's Improvement and Application of Ward's Protractor System of Garment Cutting. In this publication, the result of many years' active experience as a tailor and fashionist, will be communicated to the subscribers thereto, accurate drafts of the London and Philadelphia fashions, with directions for their use, together with protractor and scales, will be contained in the first publication, as well as the additional measures, applied always with success by the publisher; in fine, everything calculated to impart scientific skill to the learner, and useful information to the more matured.

The system so improved, is designed to remove every difficulty heretofore in the way of the learner, inasmuch as practical experience will be united with theoretical science. Changing surmise to certainty, and guaranteeing accuracy in fit with taste and fashion. The improvements, &c. will be published every spring and fall, each publication will contain diagrams of every reasonable garment, with instructions for their use, practicable instructions in cutting, by the publisher, or through an agent, will be imparted for with the work for $10 for the first, and for each subsequent year $5, to those already acquainted with the Protractor System, the price will be but $5 in all cases, payable in advance. Letters from any part of the Union, containing the amount of subscription, will be answered by a copy of the work. Address
FRANCIS MAHAN,
oct 17—6mo No. 215 Chesnut St. Philadelphia

Fashions for Tailors, BY ALLEN WARD.

NO. 32 George St. near the Court House, and at his dwelling, No. 241 South 9th St. Philadelphia, where lessons on Cutting, Drafting and making up the Fashions are given, both Theoretically and Practically, according to his genuine Protractor System, which system has already gained for him the patronage and support of the greater part of the fashionable Tailors of the United States. And in addition to the tuition of his system, he continues to publish, in pamphlet form, the various changes of fashions, as heretofore, and to vend each of his patents as have not expired, he never having declined business, or sold out his patent rights to any person whomsoever. Mere privilege to vend and publish on commission, under his copy right of the Protractor System, is all that he has granted. And this is therefore to undeceive those of his distant subscribers, and the public generally, who have been led to believe he had sold out, and also to notify, that if ever he shall sell out, or appoint a successor, he will without delay, apprise his patrons and the public of it.

Those at a distance who may wish to subscribe to his reports of fashion by mail, will avoid disappointment, and be sure of attention, by sending the one half of a ten dollar note, holding back the corresponding half until answered by a return, and supply of the work. All who have been subscribers for the term of one or more years, can re-enter at Five Dollars per year, by paying up their dues, and five dollars in advance each succeeding year, [illegible] in the current year. The fashions and cut will be carefully drafted and explained with plates, &c. each Spring and Fall, according to the style of the best shops in the city. The Paris and London fashions shall also have a place in this work—which will enable each tailor who subscribes to it to keep pace with every improvement in his line of business. The experience which the author of this work has had, not only as a tailor, in all branches of the trade, but also as a Draftsman and Publisher of Fashions, has enabled him to simplify and explain his system to those at a distance who write for it, as to enable almost every one to comprehend its principles at first sight. Encomiums on the superiority of it are unnecessary, that point being settled.

N. B. The latest and most splendid sheet of fancy pictures ever offered to the Trade, is now ready for delivery to his patrons, at two dollars and fifty cents per sheet of Twenty Figures, and to all others $3 per sheet. Address
sep 26—tf ALLEN WARD, Philadelphia.

CARPENTER'S COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparations, as possessing all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure recommends it to the faculty and public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all external irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article upon whose virtues they can confidently rely. Mild, soothing and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this preparation, it is superior to most of the ointments which are obtruded upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and emollient application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at GEO. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market st. Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts at imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness. jun. 20, 1835—eowf

NO. 37 NORTH EIGHTH ST.

NEAR Arch st.—Entrance both from Schriver's Court and Eighth street.

Dr. HUET'S Medical House.

For relief of particular diseases, without Mercury or Copaiva. The Dr. may be consulted from morning until 11 o'clock at night.

N. B.—Patients can be boarded at the establishment if desired. nov 7 '35—1y*

Six Cents Reward.

RAN AWAY from the Subscriber, on the 1st day of November, last HENRY A. CLINE, a boy about 17 years of age, [illegible]
PETER MANSELL.
nov 14—3t*

DOUBLE LOOPED STOCKINET SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

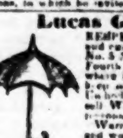
A new article, of a superior quality.

JOSEPH HIBBERT, No. 351 North Sixth street, between Coates and Green streets, Philadelphia, respectfully informs the public, that he has commenced the Manufacture of Cotton, and Woollen Shirts and Drawers, which possess many advantages in neatness, elasticity and durability, over those manufactured in the usual way. The advertiser feels confident that all who purchase, will give the articles a decided preference.

J. H. will [illegible] keeping constantly on hand, a quantity of Shirts and Drawers, of different threads; and he invites those who wish to prepare for the approaching cold weather, to call and examine for themselves.

The subscriber manufactures also, an article suitable for all seasons, to which he invites attention. aug 15—6m

Lucas Gillingham



RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from No. 5 North Second St. to No. 2 North Fourth St. N. W. corner of Market St. where he continues to manufacture and keep on hand a general assortment of Umbrellas and Parasols, which he will sell Wholesale and Retail on the most reasonable terms.

Warranted to be of superior materials and workmanship. aug 8—6mo*

Circular.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by the Misses Bowen, N. E. corner of Ninth and Locust streets, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies', Misses', and Childrens' Shoes, made by first rate workmen, every variety of fashion, and warranted to please. The former customers of the establishment, and the public generally, are invited to call and examine the assortment.
JOSEPH EVANS.

N. B.—The business as heretofore conducted at No. 250 Market street, will be continued. oct 11. '35—1y

Removal.

PETER WRIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his China, Glass and Queensware establishment, from Nos. 34 and 36 North Third street, to that large and commodious store, No. 230 Market street, eight doors below Seventh, north side, where he is now opening, (received by the latest arrivals) a general assortment of new and well selected ware, comprising all the varieties of the latest patterns and colours, which in addition to his former assortment, he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms. Country merchants and dealers generally, are respectfully solicited to call and examine for themselves. They may rest assured that no exertions shall be spared to give satisfaction both in selecting and packing the ware, and the strictest regard paid to the directions and wishes of those who may favour the establishment with their patronage. jan 3—tf

TETTER Ointment.

DOCTOR ABRAHAM HOWELLS GENUINE TETTER OINTMENT.

THIS OINTMENT cures effectually, the Tetter, Scald Head, Itch, Ringworm, Pimples and Grubs on the face; and all species of cutaneous eruptions. It is considered unnecessary to make any comment on the virtue of this ointment, as it has, within twenty years past, proved a speedy and effectual remedy for the above complaints.

PRICES of large boxes one dollar, or ten dollars per dozen—small boxes 50 cents, or five dollars per doz. A liberal discount made to Druggists, and those who purchase to sell again.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail by M. E. Howell, at No. 63 North 8th, the second door above Cherry street, Philadelphia.

All orders from a distance, post paid, accompanied with the cash, and directed to the proprietor, will be thankfully received and attended to with despatch.

Also sold by the following Druggists: G. W. Chambers, N. W. corner of Fourth and Catharine sts., and G. Gordon, No. 11 South Seventh street.

In future Dr. Abraham Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment will be prepared only by M. E. Howell, widow of the late Dr. Abraham Howell. ISAAC P. HOWELL.

CAUTION.—In consequence of several spurious mixtures being palmed on the public as Dr. Howell's Genuine Tetter Ointment, the proprietor considers it necessary to inform the afflicted, that the name of Dr. Abraham Howell will be labelled in full on each box, and in future the bill of directions enveloping the Genuine Ointment, will be accompanied with the fac simile of the signature of the sole proprietor, M. E. Howell, and no other will be genuine.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

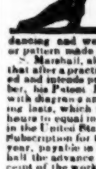
"This is to certify, that my son William was afflicted with the Tetter for about eighteen months. It commenced on the calves of his legs, and on his arms; and spread nearly all over his body. Owing to its incessant itching, he could scarcely get any rest, more especially at night, when he was in bed.—When the scaps were removed by his scratching, blood oozed from the wounds, to which his clothes adhered, and the removal of which, caused him much pain and increased his suffering. From a healthy child he became sickly, and much reduced in flesh. I had nearly despaired of his recovery, as his complaint had baffled the skill of an experienced physician, and could find no benefit from the various medicines prepared for the like complaint. At last I had recourse to "Dr. Abraham Howell's Tetter Ointment," which, to my great satisfaction, had the desired effect; and in a short time it entirely cured him. It is upwards of a year since he was cured, and there is no appearance of the complaint returning.
Philadelphia, Oct. 25th, 1833. CHALKLEY BAKER."
oct 3—3mo No. 10 South Fifth street.

General Agency.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public, that he is about to open an Office, at New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa., for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, and for such other agencies as may be entrusted to him. The disposal of a number of valuable and extensive tracts of land in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, has been tendered to him; and he is authorized by several Eastern capitalists, to draw for such sums as he can advantageously invest, according to their instructions. Those, therefore, requiring services of the above description, are requested to make known their wishes verbally, or by letter, (*post paid*) early, that maps, charts, descriptions, catalogues, terms, &c. may be put in form, and ready for inspection.

Arrangements are now in progress, by which those interested in village and town property, may obtain through this office, at short notice, accurate surveys, plots, drafts &c. and have them *lithographed*, or *engraved*, by Philadelphia artists—with written, or printed descriptions, as the case may require. Conveyancing, and all the other duties of a scrivener, will be promptly and accurately executed at this office; where a register will be kept, for the entry of all such matters and facts, as may be thought useful or convenient, to those interested. Other particulars, and references, will be made known soon.
MARCUS T. C. GOULD.
sep 19—tf New Brighton, Sept. 1835.

Samuel Marshall, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.



NO. 30 South Fifth street, a few doors above Chesnut, west side, returns his most grateful thanks to his friends, customers and the public generally for past favours, and solicits a continuance of their patronage, and informs them that he has just received a fresh supply of superior French calf-skins, which he will make up to order in the most fashionable style at the shortest notice.

N. B.—Dress, opera, walking, cork sole and double soled boots of the latest improvements, warranted water proof.—Dress, dancing and walking pumps, and shoes of every description or pattern made to order.

S. Marshall, also informs boot and shoe makers at a distance, that after a practical experience of twenty years he has invented and intends publishing by subscription, on the first of October, his Patent Mathematical Boot and Shoe Maker's Guide with diagrams and explanations for measuring, cutting and fitting lasts, which will enable any person in the space of a few hours to equal in neatness and elegance of fit any boot cutter in the United States, provided his rules are strictly adhered to. Subscription for the first year $10 and $5 for each succeeding year, payable in advance, (except the first year) on which one half the advance will be received, and the other half on the receipt of the work, and for which I will attend to having made boot trees, cramping boards and lasts by the best workmen in this city, and I will also attend to having calf skins and every article in the line of the best manufacture forwarded to order at the shortest notice. All communications must be post paid. sept 5—6mo

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

SLEEPER & BROTHER'S
Umbrella and Parasol
MANUFACTORY,
No. 14 North Third street, opposite Church Alley,
(GRANITE FRONT.)

FOR SALE, an extensive assortment of UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, embracing every variety of style and finish. Owing to their superior facilities for manufacturing, together with their combined efforts and unremitting attention, they can compete with any establishment in the Union. Dealers in the article are particularly invited to call.—The trade furnished with materials. sept 5—3mo*

To the Ladies.

CHEAPEST and most fashionable Furs in the city, No. 108 South Second street, 3 doors above the Custom-house, and 79 Chesnut street, below Congress Hall.

DAVID LEVINE, Manufacturer and Importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies, that for the accommodation of his numerous customers, he has opened another Fur Store, No. 79 Chesnut street, where he will sell at his usual low prices. Ladies are invited to call and see, before they purchase elsewhere, his extensive stock of Boas, Pelerines, Capes and Muffs, and particularly his Lynx, as he has every advantage by selecting his Furs in Europe himself. dec 6 '34—1y

FEVER & AGUE
Cured by the Genuine
ROWAND'S TONIC MIXTURE

THE eagerness with which Rowand's Tonic Mixture has been sought for, from the first moment that it was sent forth to the general use of the community, affords the most unequivocal assurance of its surpassing excellence and importance. It is now regarded by those who have had an opportunity to decide upon its merits, as an inestimable public blessing, and indispensable to the health, comfort, and even the local prosperity of the inhabitants of many portions of our country. In proof of which, the proprietor can exhibit communications from various newly settled territories and colonies, signed by numbers of the citizens, entreating that they may be supplied betimes, and in quantities adequate to their necessities. Without an exception, in any age or country, no medicine has spread with such rapidity, and gained such distinguished reputation, within the period of the three years that it has been used, in the treatment of Fever and Ague and General Debility—one hundred thousand cases of Fever and Ague being annually cured by its employment.

It is therefore earnestly recommended to those afflicted with the distressing complaints for which it is designed, as the most valuable means of relief which they can obtain. For sale by respectable Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.
JOHN R. ROWAND,
sep 26—3mo* No. 203 Market street.

Dr. Chauncey's VEGETABLE FEVER POWDERS.

A CERTAIN remedy for fever, ague, or any bilious complaint—☞ SELDOM MORE THAN ONE DOSE ☜ and never more than three doses required to break any fever or ague. The proprietor having in his practice, fully tested the virtues of these powders, is induced to publish them to the world, from the conviction that so valuable a specific should be in the hands of every physician.

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC POWDERS.

These powders (accompanied with a tonic liquid), relieve the Dyspeptic immediately, upon taking the first dose; and by continuing a reasonable time, restore the patient. They remove all pain and uneasiness of the stomach, while he may eat what others do, and as much as the appetite craves. [illegible]

RHEUMATIC PILLS.

These pills cure by purgation; never failing to relieve in Rheumatism, whether chronic or inflammatory—always accompanied with a liniment.

Either of the above may be had only at No. [illegible] South 4th street, Phila. where Physicians and others, may be supplied as usual. All orders from a distance (post paid) will be faithfully attended to. oct 10—3mo

A Card.

MRS. GRANT, INSTRUCTRESS OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

GRATEFUL for the liberal encouragement she has received, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she has resumed the duties of her profession, and hopes by merit a continuance of their patronage.

For Terms, References, &c. apply at No. 147 Chesnut st. opposite the U. S. Bank, or at J. G. Osbourne's Music Saloon, 30 S. Fourth street. sept 5—6t

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,

And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,
No. 136 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.
may 7 '35—1y

Philadelphia SUSPENDER & STOCK MANUFACTORY,

No. 6 South Fourth street below Market.

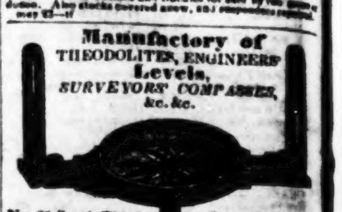
A. L. VANHORN respectfully informs the Southern and Western Merchants, that he has manufactured and has constantly on hand an assortment of gum elastic silk, worsted and cotton SUSPENDERS, made in the most [illegible] and improved styles.

Also, silk, satin, velvet, bombazine and hair cloth STOCKS, made on the best English Frames, & warranted in point of workmanship, durability and shape, to be inferior to none made.

Also, manufactures and has constantly on hand [illegible] All of the above articles will be disposed of on the most [illegible] terms, wholesale and retail. Country merchants in general are respectfully invited to give him a call, before they purchase elsewhere, at the old established stand No. 6 South Fourth street.

N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the dozen. Also stocks covered anew, and suspenders repaired. may 23—tf

Manufactory of THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS' Levels, SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, &c. &c.



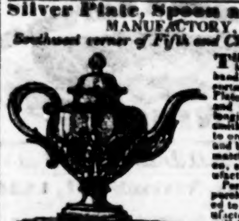
No. 80 South Third Street. Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Public that he continues to manufacture and repair all kinds of Mathematical and Optical Instruments, and will warrant them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. The numerous Testimonials in his possession, received from eminent Engineers and other scientific gentlemen, fully justify him in making such a [illegible]. As surviving partner of the late firm of Stancliffe & Draper, he also flatters himself he possesses an additional claim to a share of public patronage, on account of the high reputation universally conceded to their instruments.

☞ Orders from any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to, on the most reasonable terms, by
EDMUND DRAPER.
feb 14—1y

Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork MANUFACTORY,

Southeast corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

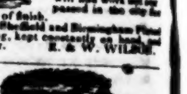


THE subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks and every article belonging to the Silver Smith business, made to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing price.

Persons who wish to purchase are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware of their own importing, kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '34—tf R. & W. WILSON.

PATENT GUM ELASTIC Boots and Shoes.



THE undersigned has constantly on hand, a good supply of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gum Elastic Boots and Shoes, with Leather Soles cemented to them. They are neatly finished, of fashionable shapes, and designed as a substitute of all other kinds for winter wear. Also, a good assortment of plain Gum Elastic Over Shoes, by the case or dozen.

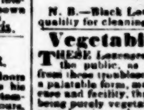
Also, Gum Elastic Table Covers, &c. &c.

Country Merchants and others, are respectfully invited to call and examine them. SAML. D. [illegible]
april 3 '34—tf No. 12 North 7th street.

BROWN & WEST

Respectfully inform their friends and customers, that they have on hand a general assortment of silk and Beaver hats of their own manufacture, which for durability and elegance are not surpassed by any in the city. They have also on hand a general assortment of Youth's silk hats, which they sell at as low prices as any in the United States. The quality, elegance and durability of this article is so well known to a discerning public. Purchasers would do well to call at the old established stand, No. 4 south Fourth street, before purchasing elsewhere. Country hatters supplied with silk hats at the lowest prices. aug '35—1y

Coal Grates and Fenders.



JAMES H. JACKSON, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he still continues the manufacture of the above articles, at No. 193 North Fifth street, west side, 3 doors above Race, where he has constantly on hand a variety of Grates of the latest patterns, for sale cheap for cash.

☞ A liberal discount made to wholesale purchasers.

N. B.—Black Lead, Rottenstone and Lustre of a superior quality for cleaning Grates and Stoves. ap 25 '35—1y

Vegetable Worm Lozenges.

THESE Lozenges can be recommended with confidence to the public, as a preparation well calculated to relieve from these troublesome and dangerous worms; and being in a palatable form, may be administered to children with more ease and facility, than medicine of a nauseous kind. [illegible] Sold wholesale and retail by the subscriber, No. 21 North Fourth street.
CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL.

They may also be had of A. H. Melville, Lozenge maker, at the Southeast corner of Pine and Sixth streets; at Fred. Brown's druggist store, corner of 5th and Chesnut sts.; of Wm. Biddle's, corner of 11th and Arch sts.; and of Joseph Brooks, Kensington, opposite the market house.

ODONTALGIA.—A Medicine to relieve the Tooth Ache. These pills, prompt and efficacious in their action, give relief generally, on the introduction of one of them into the hollow of a decayed Tooth, in a very short time; and no injury results to the surrounding Teeth from the use of them. The advertiser having had ample proof, he conceives, of their efficacy in this complaint, offers them without hesitation as a valuable article to the community. To be had as above, No. 21 North Fourth street. june 6—3m

Wholesale and Retail Bedding WARE-HOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the largest and best assortment in Philadelphia—such as ready made beds, bolsters and pillows, curled hair matrasses, moss do. cotton do. wool do. cattail do. straw do. high-post bedsteads, [illegible] French do. pew and settee cushions. The best baked geese feathers, by the sack or single pound; western feathers, bed ticking by the piece or single yard; curled hair, moss and cattail by the pound.

N. B. Old hair matrasses repaired. (*All goods bought at this store will be warranted.*) E. CLARK.
feb 7 '35—1y*

Bowel Complaint

Or, Diarrhœa and Cholera Morbus Cured.

BAKER'S SPECIFIC, which effects a cure of the above disorders in one or two hour's time, has been used in more than 10,000 cases with unvariable success, and in many instances where the patients had been given up by the physicians. It is generally efficacious in grown persons or children. Travellers, individuals and families will find it advantageous to be supplied with the remedy, by which some imminent danger may be averted. Price 25 cents per bottle, which will cure several cases. For sale by T. & E. Wallace & Co. Druggists, successors to W. Baker, No. 16 north Fifth street, Philada. Country merchants supplied on liberal terms. Sold also, at D. Coggeshall's Drug Store, 421 Pearl St., Hopper's Drug Store, 366 Pearl St., E. C. & R. E. Maas, corner of Grand & Cannon Sts., New York, at Laroque's, corner of Market and Harrison, & Dr. Chapman's, No. 52 Lexington St. Baltimore, P. A. Modern, corner of Front and Market St., Pittsburg, L. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I., J. H. Barnard, St. Louis, Mo. and the principal Drug Stores in the U. S. of States. july 25

Job Printing Office for Sale.

THE office offered for sale, is already established, and of good standing. The type is new, or as good as new. There is a super royal Wells press, one of Stewart's Patent double screw presses, and in fact every thing requisite to carry on the business. The profits of the above office has yielded with one hand and a boy, $30 per week, clear. The reason it is for sale is, the present owner taking upon himself business of another nature, cannot attend to both at once.

The present stand can be had if desired, and is one of business, there being no printing office in its vicinity. All the last costs of fancy job type, with cuts, &c. are attached to the office. The price is $500 cash, the present owner wishing to put the capital to other stock. The stand is at No. 142 N. 6th st. above Arch, where the materials may be seen. [illegible]

Cheap Hat Stores.

NO. 209 Callowhill street, (north side,) second door below Sixth street, and No. 495 Market street, (north side,) 3d door below Broad street.

JAMES HILL, has always on hand, at his stores, an assortment of FUR and SILK HATS, of the best workmanship, manufactured under his own superintendence, which for quality cannot be surpassed in the City or Liberties.

J. H. particularly requests the attention of the public, to his improvement in the manufacture of SILK HATS. Gentlemen, by sending the measure round their heads, the number of inches high, and the size of the Brim, can have a Hat made agreeably to their order.

☞ A liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Hatters supplied with Fur Hats in the rough, or Silk Hats, on the most liberal terms. feb 7—1y

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

Botanic, or Vegetable Medicine Store, No. 60 Brown street, Philadelphia.

THE Subscriber has removed his establishment as above, and he is now prepared to supply his friends and the public, with all the *Botanic Medicines* made use of by Doctors Howard, S. Thompson, J. E. Howell and W. Beach. The astonishing success of the Botanic Practice, within these five years past, is proof sufficient of its super-excellency over the *Mercury and Bleeding System*, and he invites those afflicted with diseases of every description, to give him a call, as they will find speedy relief from the use of these medicines.

The Subscriber is the appointed Agent for the sale of "Horton Howard's *Improved System of Botanic Medicines*," in 3 vols. octavo, with plates. Every family in the U. S. and in every part of the globe, ought to purchase a copy, as they would save many precious lives, and thousands of hard earned dollars. Price $20 per sett.

The Subscriber daily expects a very large assortment of Moses Jewett's Chemical Preparations. They will be announced as soon as arrived, with a full description of their virtues. The Vapour Bath, either Medicated or Simple, can be had at a few minute notice.

☞ *Courses of Medicine* given at any hour or time, on the most reasonable terms.

N. B.—All letters must be post paid, or not attended to.
oct 31—tf THOMAS COOKE, S. P.

To Stocking Weavers.

FOR sale, a 22 Gauge Stocking Machine, in perfect order. Also, a quantity of linen yarn doubled and twisted, ready for immediate use, and of good quality. Apply at No. 123 N. 2d st. Philada. opposite the Globe Mill. oct 31—4t*

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank

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